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Current Comments

THE Civil Service has been in the limelight as the result of two recent happenings. The first, the so-called "francs case," has received too much attention; the second—the retirement of the Prime Minister's private secretary—too little. Perhaps this is because the affair reflects in no way on a brilliant public servant (who would, of course, have been fair game for the scandalmongers), but only on the executive Government, and also, no doubt, because in this matter the record of all parties is the same. Everyone knows that the appointment as principal official private secretary to the Prime Minister is the highest open to a Civil Servant of a certain standing. That it should be so paid as to make it necessary, in the view of the Prime Minister himself, for the holder of the post to consider what steps he can take to provide for the future of himself and his family in a suitable manner is a grim reflection on the competence of the Government to govern—which, oddly enough, is the purpose for which they are paid. Civil Servants are made, not born. Their value lies in the system which recruits well-trained minds and provides them with experience. The system is elaborate and sound. It has been left to our democratic age to throw on to the State administrative burdens of ever-increasing complexity, and to drive out of the public service, at the height of their powers, the men who are required to sustain them.

The Civil Service

ALL that need be said on the details of the "francs case" is that there was an error of judgment which has been punished with a severity in marked contrast to the lenient treatment of more eminent persons detected in comparatively recent times in similar speculations. For that very reason it is only fair that the

The "Francs Case"

services rendered by Mr. Gregory at the Foreign Office should not be forgotten. The unfortunate story will not, however, have been given to the public uselessly if it serves to call attention to the fact that no assistant secretary or assistant under-secretary in the Civil Service can, unless he be a bachelor, maintain himself in the state of life which his position requires unless he either possesses or earns a private income. I know one excellent Civil Servant who deals in stamps, and another who breeds dogs. The publishers' lists reveal one at least of the sources of income of a score of others. These activities are blameless in themselves (as indeed were the speculations in francs), but in their reaction on the efficiency of the public service they may be actually more unfortunate. The troubles of the Civil Service have arisen largely from the post-war cult of the superman. In 1919 a school of thought arose, or rather reclined—for its ear was close indeed to the ground of Downing Street—which envisaged the administration controlled by a small coterie of permanent officials paid at the rate of £2,200–£3,500 a year, with a large retinue of "smaller men" from the cheaper suburbs to lick their boots for them and perform the other small domestic offices which supermen, too busy to reserve their own tables for lunch at St. James's Street clubs, require to be performed. It was a pleasing vision, like others glimpsed on Welsh hills in the mirage of the reconstruction period. Unfortunately, the detailed work of public administration cannot be carried on by supermen and clerks for two excellent reasons. In the first place, supermen will not be attracted to the public service by any scale of pay which Parliament would approve. In the second place, the work of the Civil Service is not an affair of taking broad decisions to which effect can be given by routine administration, but it necessitates the exercise, by men of the governing tradition, of functions in part judicial, in part expert, in part political. All these functions require for their discharge years of training and much experience of men and affairs. The number of "upper division" Civil Servants required for carrying on the daily work of Government is thus not inconsiderable, and the primary duty of those responsible for reorganizing the Civil

Service after the war was to ensure that the supply should not fail. This they failed to do. They largely increased the salaries of the permanent heads of the departments, whose functions in some cases are mainly ornamental, and entirely neglected the problem of providing a reasonably attractive career for those who have to do the work. The real indictment in the francs case lies not against the Foreign Office officials who lost their money and their jobs, but against the heads of the Civil Service who produced so able and mellifluous a judgment on the affair. The Prime Minister's frank admission that even the most successful Civil Servant is wise nowadays to look for his future outside the Service, is the most complete endorsement of this comment. It is a pleasure to find an official utterance which we can so heartily commend. It is at once true and indiscreet. The fanciful vision of Mr. Baldwin as an elder statesman recedes.

The Estimates

THE estimates for 1928–29 are dull reading. We can rejoice that the air estimates show a genuine decline, the transfer of certain services from the Colonial Office vote being taken into account; but this transfer, with a heavy decline in the vote for the Ministry of Pensions, accounts, with other smaller automatic reductions, for the greater part of the cut on the so-called Civil Service Estimates. Of a genuine reduction in public expenditure, except on the fighting services, there is no sign. The old answers will be given to the old criticisms. Expenditure is largely determined by policy, and the policy, we shall be told, is one on which politicians of all colours are agreed. This is true, but it begs the very practical question, which is "Who is to pay for the policy?" There is at least one obvious, just and desirable road to a substantial reduction in public expenditure, which is to reduce progressively the State contributions to the Health and Unemployment Insurance Funds. It was essential for the State to assist these schemes at the start, precisely as it is necessary for any private firm, in starting a contributory superannuation scheme, to make some initial grant. There is, however, every reason both in policy and equity for converting both the Health and Unemployment schemes into genuine

Contributory Insurance schemes as early as possible, and even if the Treasury had to relinquish its claims to the repayment of the moneys advanced to the Unemployment Fund, the gain would far outweigh the loss. There is nothing which annoys labour sympathizers more than the habit of some Conservatives of referring to unemployment benefit as the dole. As long, however, as the benefits paid are in excess of those actuarially justified by the contributions of employers and employed, the amount of the excess is a dole and nothing else. Men of all parties condemn the principle of the dole. Why not begin to give practical effect to this general and extremely pious sentiment?

Out-Relief Again

THE paragraphs in these Comments last month on the administration of out-relief are borne out in a striking fashion by the record of the year's work of the Commissioners in charge of poor-law administration in West Ham, where the number of cases of relieved has dropped from 28,000 a week in February 1926 to 11,000 a week in February of this year. West Ham's vast debt is now no longer mounting, but is actually being paid off at the rate of £300,000 a year, yet no one has suggested that the administration in West Ham has been harsh or even exceptionally strict. These facts and figures prove our contention that the problem is one of administration rather than policy. The weak-kneed character of the Government's proposals in regard to the Metropolitan Common Poor Fund is in the circumstances regrettable. The basis of contribution by the rich to the poor unions remains unchanged, and all that is to be done is to put on the Metropolitan Asylums' Board the task of examining and approving estimates of expenditure to be submitted in advance by the so-called non-paying unions. The step is in the right direction, but until the Asylums' Board have the right to examine for themselves the administration of the money they provide, they can only safeguard themselves and the general public by a process of guesswork. To give members of local authorities, however, the power to interfere in each others' domestic affairs is clearly impracticable, and the only body

competent to do this is the Ministry of Health. It follows that the Ministry and no one else should be the supervising body which approves the estimates. Once more the Government are running away from their responsibilities.

Mr. Baldwin's Science

For many years the late Mr. F. E. Smith's description of the Welsh Disestablishment measure as "a Bill which has shocked the conscience of every Christian community in Europe," has held the field as the most delightful piece of fustian uttered by a front-bench politician. Mr. Baldwin's recent prognostication at the Albert Hall that any failure of our modern parliamentary system would "shake the fabric of the universe" has, however, surely deprived his colleague of his laurels. The spectacle of the Breton fishermen and the Russian moujiks murmuring pious imprecations against Mr. McKenna was a brutally realistic picture by comparison with that of the inhabitants of Mars and Sirius (not to mention the Llamas of Thibet) watching the by-elections with anxious eyes and wondering which way the flappers will vote. However, "when science teaches us a little more," as Mr. Belloc observes, "we shall be happier than we were before," and we may reasonably hope that Mr. Baldwin will soon be able to face the electors without the anxious feeling that a false step on his part may lead to the disintegration of matter or the breakdown of the machinery of solar-radiation. Neither was Mr. Baldwin too happy in his peroration on the same occasion, when he envisaged, as the result of the greater wisdom of each succeeding generation, a world flooded in the distant future with "that brighter light that we see today only in our dreams." This surely reflects a strange and most uncharacteristic misreading of history, which records no single instance of a society which has not nourished within itself the seeds of its own decay. Unfortunately, it is not only true that "knowledge comes while wisdom lingers," but also that wisdom tends to decline as knowledge grows. The greater our travel facilities, the more insular we remain; the more we see, the less we understand; the more we have, the less we enjoy. Education

spreads an encyclopædic ignorance and science has only begun to lisp the alphabet of annihilation. These tendencies can be corrected, but not unless they are noted and understood. No one understands this better than the Prime Minister; but why does he withhold the fruits of his wide reading and experience from the youth of the country who are pre-eminently in need of a little sobering advice?

Bread and Games

THE most amusing commentary on the new Franchise Bill has been provided by Lady Rodd and her friends who have hurriedly launched an organization for brightening political meetings, presumably by interludes on the banjo, saxophone solos, and comic songs. We must, in other words, amuse our mistresses. This recognition of the failure of our earlier attempts at educating our masters is gratifying to political realists, but it is unfortunate that it should have been delayed until the decision to extend the franchise was irrevocable. (The suggestion that the facts were known all the time, but were concealed for political reasons, can, of course, be disregarded.) The only thing to hope is that the entertainments to be provided will be good, and that it will be a fixed rule with the Central Office that neither the local vicar nor any relative of his shall be allowed to perform except, of course, at an opposition meeting. This would be a legitimate *ruse de guerre*.

Blondes Prefer Gentlemen

THE chief problem for candidates at the next election was put to me in a new light the other evening by one of the most brilliant of our younger M.P.s. No one now, he said in effect, cares for political speeches, and, generally speaking, the candidate who most closely resembles a gentleman has the best chances. This suggests that the age of make-belief is to be succeeded by the age of make-up. If so, the next general election should mean big business for Mr. Willie Clarkson and his fellow-practitioners in the art of disguise—blondes prefer gentlemen.

THE debate on the Air Estimates reveals delusions regarding air power, which seem likely soon to have a parallel in the delusions becoming current about mechanization in the army. To talk about air power is as foolish as to talk about machine-gun power. The air is, from the military point of view, so much empty space, and the conquest of the air is merely an unhappy metaphor. The aeroplane, on the other hand, is a military weapon of the first importance, subject like all other weapons to the limitations of its nature. As a weapon of offence, it is slower, more expensive, infinitely less accurate, and, unfortunately, infinitely more vulnerable than a field gun. It has the solitary advantage of almost indefinite range. But this, as a military advantage, is very small beer. Destruction *per se* has little military value, and action at an extreme distance can involve little more than destruction for destruction's sake. You blow up a bridge to delay the enemy's advance. If he is not advancing, you do no more than cause him inconvenience. Above all, the military damage possible from the destructive action of aeroplanes has to be regarded in relation to the cost of an air force and the man power it absorbs. In March 1918 over a million and a-half men were employed by Great Britain alone in the manufacture of aeroplanes and the maintenance of our air force in the field. A third of these men, enlisted as infantry in 1916, and in the field by 1917, would have shortened the war by a year.

The Delusion of Air Power

The destruction of railway centres and munition factories is a legitimate military aim, but the limit to the possibilities of destruction is automatic. No nation can spend more than a fraction of its resources on such adventures because of the inherent deficiencies of the aeroplane as a weapon. This is best seen by a simple analogy. If each field gun could only fire three or four shells in each engagement, the destruction of trenches by artillery fire would be impossible. If some lunatic persisted with the attempt, he would find himself without infantry or tanks with which to occupy the trenches that he had destroyed. The whole of his man power would have been absorbed in manufacturing, manning, and supplying his guns. Incidentally, these would be so thick on the ground

that half of them would be out of action from counter-battery work in ten minutes.

Is London in Danger?

THERE remains the bogey of the political objective, namely, the bombardment of capital cities with a view to the destruction of the lives and property of civilians. This policy is in effect impossible, both for military and political reasons. Any nation which so dissipated its resources on wanton destruction would lay itself open to the easiest of military conquests. It would also suffer such universal opprobrium that it would pass in defeat out of history. What the alarmists forget is that a score of determined men walking on their feet can blow up half London or Berlin at any moment, just as surely as I can kill half a dozen men with a revolver any time I go into the street. The reason why these things are not done is because they are useless, and in the end disastrous to the people who do them. Cities were sacked in old days to provide food and pleasure for the soldiers and wealth for the conqueror. Modern wealth is not portable and modern armies are otherwise provided for. In any case, looting cannot be carried on from the air. This is not to say for one moment that another European war would not see raids by the belligerents against each other's capitals. Within limits, such raids would have a military value. Their principal aim, however, would be to secure the withdrawal from the front of aeroplanes for home defence. In other words, the air menace is only one facet of the general problem of security in war. It can never be the key to the problem. The aeroplane is one weapon out of many, and by its nature it will never be the decisive weapon. The aeroplane as a raider has a definite tactical value, as an observer for artillery it is invaluable, and for reconnaissance work it is, under certain conditions, supreme. Fighting machines are necessary to enable all these tasks to be carried out, and for this reason an efficient and powerful air force is essential. But its growth must be related to that of the army and the fleet. As an independent arm an air force opposed to an air force (which we must assume), is too vulnerable and too costly for employment on a large scale. It can do police work. It cannot do soldiers' work. The distinction is vital.

The Army Estimates

THE chief feature of the Army estimates is the provision for mechanizing two cavalry regiments and for further progress in mechanizing the artillery and the signal corps. This provision is gratifying. It is to be profoundly hoped, however, that the relation of mechanization to man-power is being studied. The point is analogous to that arising in connection with aeroplanes. In peace time mechanization appears as a cheap method of multiplying fire-power without a corresponding drain on man-power. Once the destruction inseparable from modern war begins, there will be a different story to tell. Every machine put out of action will keep ten times the number of its crew out of action for weeks to come. They will be engaged in the workshops on replacement. Essential as the only answer yet devised to the modern science of entrenchment, tanks and their successors and relations will yet be employable only on a limited scale. The battle fleet of tanks will be as precious a possession as the battle fleet itself in a naval war, though the tactical rôles are wholly different. There is a popular delusion that the great victories of August to November 1918 were won by tanks. They were begun by them, but not carried through by them, nor could they have been. For these and other more technical reasons the very welcome developments now in progress must nevertheless be closely watched.

Edith Cavell

THE controversy over the Cavell film raises again the question of the truth or falsity of war-time emotions. If the question were purely one of taste, the preponderance of decent feeling would be, of course, against the exhibition of this film, but larger issues arise. The conduct of the German forces in the occupied areas was condemned at the time not only by their enemies, but by neutrals. Was it properly so condemned, or otherwise? If the condemnation were just, what right has the Government of this or any other country to use its official influence to prevent the exhibition of a film which merely records historical events? The wrongs done, assuming the truth of the record, have been expiated, but no sound basis for international peace can be found in a conspiracy of

silence. If, on the other hand, there is now a doubt about the facts, there can be still less justification for damping down public discussion. The plain fact is that public opinion, which alone can lead to cordial relations between nations, cannot be formed by a political censorship, which always has the opposite effect to that intended. The incident of the Cavell film has been no exception. Those most sympathetic to Germany during the war are ranged almost to a man in support of the film against the Government. Censorship is a practical, not an ethical problem, and the facts condemn it.

The By-Elections and Mr. Lloyd George

THE by-elections, while producing one anticipated Liberal victory, show no serious change in the strength of the parties in the country. The one thing which is fairly clear is that the Liberal Party must now definitely and finally be associated with Mr. Lloyd George. Whether, as his friends say, he has the party in his pocket, or whether, as we venture to think, the party have their hands in his, is an academic question. The one certain thing is that for "the Liberal policy" we must read "the Lloyd George policy," and that no wise man will waste time trying to guess whether, when the time comes, that elusive personality will be hanging the Kaiser, attacking the Dukes, warning the Communists, or sneering at the British Empire. Mr. Lloyd George, properly exploited, is the greatest asset to the Conservative Party; and if the Prime Minister will keep the public looking back at that sorry dawn which ushered in the last Coalition Ministry instead of looking forward into blue distances, he will not need to fear a Liberal revival. If, however, he enters into a war of perorations, our money is on Mr. Lloyd George. No other man sees such entrancing visions from such low levels.

Diaz and Lichnowsky

DEATH has removed, in General Diaz and Prince Lichnowsky, two more of the leading actors in the drama of the world war. Lichnowsky had his hour of tragedy and Diaz his month of triumph. Neither, however, left their mark on events. Their passing is of importance only as marking with renewed emphasis the unexpectedly rapid

recession of the immediate past into history. The flood of memories gives place to a melancholy procession of obituary notices, which in their restraint contrast oddly with the verdicts of a few years ago. Are we learning or forgetting?

A Question for Imperialists

Sir John Seeley said, incorrectly, that we had acquired our Empire in a fit of absence of mind. We are in grave danger of losing it precisely in that way. Two significant incidents this month betray not the crumbling but the careless undermining of the fabric. The agreement apparently reached between Mr. Amery and Mr. Cosgrave to set aside by retrospective legislation a judgment of the Privy Council confirming certain rights of Irish Civil Servants is only less surprising than the casualness with which the agreement was made public. If a Dominion Legislature can set aside such a judgment, the constitutional link between the members of the Imperial Commonwealth looks like proving to be no link at all. The fact that Mr. Amery, and presumably Mr. Baldwin also, agree to the setting aside of the judgment is unimportant because it is irrelevant; the question is one, not of expediency, but of law. Can the judgment of the Privy Council be set aside by the legislature of one of the parties submitting to the judgment? If so, where does the sovereignty reside? The answer clearly would be that in that case it would reside in the legislature which has the over-riding power. That, on its merits, the Free State case is weak is a minor point. The constitutional point appears to be infinitely more important, as it deprives, or appears to deprive, the subjects of any one member of the British Commonwealth of any effective appeal under the form of law from the decisions of the executive of any other member. The position needs close investigation.

Egypt

Our offer to the Egyptian Government raises an even more practical and immediate question. The control of the Suez Canal is a vital British interest, and in the opinion of the General Staff can only be secured by the presence of a British garrison in occupation of certain positions of

tactical importance. Yet Sir Austen Chamberlain offers, in certain eventualities, to submit the question of the disposition of this garrison to the League of Nations in ten years' time. Naturally, our offer to Egypt has been rejected. It is elementary that any concession offered by one side to the representative, not being a plenipotentiary, of the other side will always be rejected. The other side has nothing to lose by rejecting it, and everything to gain. The major point, however, is the offer to refer what would be an obviously non-justiciable dispute to the League. Our duty may lead us to evacuate Egypt bag and baggage before, after, or precisely at the conclusion of the ten years' period. If it does, we must do our duty whatever the representatives of San Domingo, Chile, or Nicaragua may say. If it does not, what moral right have we to evade our responsibilities? We are rightly prepared to submit justiciable disputes to the League because we are prepared to admit that the League will give its decision by reference to a code of law which we accept. But there is no agreed code of law, custom, or ethics by which such a question as the disposition of our garrison in Egypt can be settled. If we are merely gambling on gaining a diplomatic advantage from the League's approval of a course we intend in any case to adopt, we are being unjustifiably cynical. If, however, we mean, whatever the military risks, to accept the League's decision, we are striking at the foundation of national sovereignty and independence without moving a step even towards the dubious goal of an ordered internationalism. For Italy will not do likewise in Tripoli, nor France nor Spain in Morocco.

The Broadcasting Ban

THE removal of the veto on the broadcasting of controversial opinion by persons other than the B.B.C. authorities themselves is of first-class importance. As Mr. Bernard Shaw pointed out, nothing more controversial than the opinions complacently broadcasted to date could be imagined. It is a foolish fallacy to suppose that moderate or mugwump opinion is uncontroversial. Inasmuch as it usually displeases everybody, it needs, *prima facie*, to be actively discouraged, and the greater freedom now

allowed by the Government to the authorities should enable them to act on this assumption. We may be spared, in that case, the amiable meanderings of eminent members of the middle classes who explain with the utmost lucidity why they believe in nothing, without understanding that the only result is that no one believes in them. Even in matters of faith a little reciprocity is inevitable.

Cables and Wireless

THE merger of the principal wireless and cable interests, with the possibility of the transfer later to the new company of the Government's cable interests, is another step towards the rationalization of industry. It is one which will be welcomed by most people without, perhaps, a full recognition of its implications. The new company will be, so far as certain services are concerned, in possession of a potential monopoly, and monopoly leads to control. We have had it with gas, with electricity, with broadcasting, with railways. We shall have it with wireless and cables. The control will not come just yet, but the fears already expressed by Indian business circles as to dangers of cable and wireless costs being maintained at an "artificial level" are symptomatic. The new combine will live with a sword suspended above it. The legend engraved on the sword is "Socialism in our time." For we must not forget that there is no such thing as an artificial level of prices unless and until Government intervention takes place. It is the price enforced by Government which is artificial, not the price which the private trader can obtain. If and when this truism is forgotten, we shall be at the beginning of another dangerous experiment in subsidization, which will, as in civil aviation, end by strangling technical and commercial progress simply because it will make competition impossible.

D. J.

Notes from Paris

By George Adam

The "Auld Kirk."—A French friend who is a dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church, and who is also well-informed on English matters, expressed his surprise to me the other day at discovering that the fight, if such it can be called, between the Vatican and the *Action Française* was much more intelligently followed and more copiously explained in THE ENGLISH REVIEW than in any paper in France. Being a broad-minded man, he realized that at the bottom of this English interest in such a matter there must lie some more personal and more national concern than that of pure theological dogma. He naturally linked up that interest in what, upon the surface, is an entirely French quarrel with Rome with the controversy over the new Prayer Book.

It is always a matter of grief to a foreigner, and of joy to a British exile, to find that the sacred fire of the Reformation is ready to flame up at any moment, and, although many extremely able men, such as André Chevrillon, have studied deeply the Puritan character of the English, there are few Frenchmen who have grasped the fact that the Reformation is to England what the Revolution is to France.

Cardinal Gasparri, the Vatican Secretary of State, has been engaged in the somewhat arduous task of proving that the Holy See has always advised the faithful to support the existing form of constituted Government, and of advising Frenchmen, so far as he can, to vote for Republicanism, in the hope, apparently, that its supporters may turn out better than they seem.

Meanwhile Monseigneur Baudrillart, a prelate of eloquence and erudition, has taken the pulpit of Notre Dame for the classic series of Lenten sermons. His natural powers of speech are great, and they are now supplemented by all the devices of science. His sermons are shouted to the multitudes waiting outside on the Parvis by loud speakers; he has a microphone before him through which, with great subtlety and historical example, he shows French radio-fans, however Radical and freethinking they may be, that only by faith has France been saved from obliteration in history's book.

The Empress Eugénie.—It seems the fate of queens to be misunderstood in all the phases of their character

during life, and to gain but tardy recognition of both the defects and qualities which made them strangely like other women. Thus the first view of Queen Victoria as almost entirely dependent upon her constitutional Ministers, at any rate during the first half of her reign, changed in the later years to one which saw in Her Majesty a dignified old lady whose chief merit consisted in the multiplicity of her grandchildren. It is only in recent years that the public has been allowed a glimpse of the real woman, with her deep affections and her small spites, her lofty principles and her deep-seated obstinacy, her imperious temper and her sentimentality.

The Empress Eugénie has remained a considerable puzzle to the historian. Overnight the tragedy of national and dynastic ruin changed her in the public mind from a gay, beautiful, ambitious, and not too beautiful young woman to a figure of sorrow and an almost venerable object of sympathy. She was probably never entirely the one or the other. M. Maurice Paléologue, in his conversations with the Empress, published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, fills in many missing details of her portrait as known to history. Although throughout her unstable reign she was ever the advocate of a forward policy, she begged M. Paléologue to destroy, "when she had left this sorry world," the myth which placed upon her shoulders the responsibility for the Franco-Prussian War.

"M. Thiers," she said, "is the father of that odious legend. He has allowed himself to state that when, on July 23, 1870, I received M. Lesourd, first secretary of our Embassy in Berlin, who had just notified Bismarck of our declaration of war, I said: 'This war, it is I who wanted it; *it is my war*.' Never, you hear me, never were such sacrilegious words, nor anything resembling them, uttered by my lips. Moreover, later I had M. Lesourd questioned, and, in a letter of which I possess the original, he loyally recognized that I had never boasted to him of having unleashed war."

With even greater emphasis and detail does the Empress protest against the story that she knew the nature of her husband's illness was such that he could not support the fatigues of command in the field, and that knowingly she had urged him to assume a burden bound to result in death or abdication, with the prospect for her of ruling France until her son came of age.

Parliament. — The Chamber is going through the final spasms of the death agony—fortunately there is no need of confession. The defunct House may flatter itself upon having furnished an unusually confused chapter to Republican history. Apart from finance it has but little cause for self-congratulation, and there is no exaggeration in saying that the present return to financial sanity has been accepted by the majority as a national necessity, and is not in itself an expression of the policies which the bulk of members represented when they were sent to the Palais Bourbon. This will not, of course, prevent the most Radical candidate from boasting of his own part in restoring stability to the currency, and claiming for the old cartel the results achieved by the Poincaré-Cartel coalition.

The Government that is fading into the uncertainties of this month's elections has one or two other things to its credit. At the last moment Parliament has accepted M. Painlevé's Bill for national mobilization in time of war. It has set on foot the great scheme for a Trans-Saharan Railway, the effects of which will be felt ultimately by every country with trading interests in Africa. Taxation has been collected with new zeal and skill. Bureaucratic abuses have been diminished. Above all, the country has been given that feeling, rare in the best of Republics, that it has been governed by a machine that has become reasonably honest. The Navy, in the persuasive hands of M. Georges Leygues, has recovered a good deal of its lost "tone." Railway trains are punctual, bread is white and appetizing again. Alsace-Lorraine has been soothed, M. Léon Daudet is abroad, and the Communist deputies are going to be kept in gaol.

"The Foreign Record."—French matters abroad are rather more complex, and in the field of foreign affairs there is perhaps more political divergence than is aroused by domestic business. M. Briand has had a rough row to hoe, and a lonely furrow to plough. He has done it with great skill, but not with his customary success, for it is a strange fact that the very people and interests in France (such as iron and steel masters) who have taken a hand in coming to an industrial alliance with their German rivals, are precisely the people who, in politics and in the Press, protest most vehemently against a

political Locarno. And behind all this there is an unfortunate feeling among the French that, if they have to come to terms with Germany, it is solely because the British, fearing the preponderance of France upon the Continent, and true to traditional policy, have supported Germany against her old Ally since the war.

André Chéradame's old happy phrase, that the French and the British are mutually incomprehensible and mutually indispensable, is still true; and when France realizes how saturated is our policy with the thought thus expressed, when Britain understands what it is to be a Continental power with a long land frontier to protect, we shall get nearer to the United States of Europe. In the lifetime of the departing Chamber Franco-British relations have in this respect grown worse, if only because they have not grown better.

M. Briand usually smells trouble from afar. But at the last meeting of the League of Nations Council he knew that he was a forlorn hope. He went to his task with some courage. The Hungarian dispute has in French eyes very gravely damaged the prestige of Geneva, and it has also had an effect upon M. Briand's position. The old, familiar, happy touch was missing, and what counted for more was the unmistakable weakening of French barriers in Eastern Europe. The fact is that the political, ethnical, and economic practices of Versailles dentistry are revealing faults of which the surgeons themselves were unaware at the time. With the new leaven of Italy working in the already actively fermenting yeast of Central Europe, a certain amount of tartaric acid is bound to result. France at Geneva has seen her eastern barrier attacked by a kind of political pyorrhea, and has been pained to discover that Great Britain is not willing to help her brush the Central European teeth.

President Coolidge never speaks. He has Mr. Kellogg to do it for him. And Kellogg "spills bibfuls." M. Briand's peace pact proposals have been lifted by the idealism always to be found at a Washington cocktail party into realms of farce where no French Foreign Minister may safely tread on the eve of elections. France is not alone on the Continent in refusing to deal with the problems of her national defence as though they were of no more import to her than a resolution discussed by a debating society.

The Franchise Bill

By "Backbencher"

THOSE who were present in the House of Commons one Friday afternoon during the session of 1925, will remember the feelings of surprise, if not of consternation, that were aroused by the announcement of the Home Secretary that the Government intended that equal franchise rights for men and women should be granted during the lifetime of the present Parliament. The extension of the franchise was not a subject that had played any prominent part in the election of 1924. A large number of Conservatives had never even referred to it, and until Sir Wm. Joynson Hicks' pronouncement no one had imagined that it was a live political question. For some time the intentions of the Government remained obscure, but in the session of 1927 the Prime Minister, in reply to a question, stated that it was the decision of the Government to introduce a Bill during 1928 to extend the parliamentary franchise to women of twenty-one years of age and upwards on the same terms as men.

It cannot be said that this announcement was received with enthusiasm, either by the supporters of the Government in the House, or by the Conservative Party, as a whole, in the country. Despite the strenuous and skilful propaganda issued by the Conservative central office, the Government's proposals received only very lukewarm support at the Cardiff Conference of 1927. In the meantime many proposals were discussed and various suggestions were put forward, of which the one that has found the greatest favour is that men and women should receive the vote on equal terms at the age of twenty-five, but many have felt that this would involve the disfranchisement of the men, would divorce the age of legal capacity from the age at which political rights would be enjoyed, and finally would not meet the real objection to the measure.

The text of the Bill is now available, and shows that the Government intends to give women of twenty-one the vote on the same terms as men, including the right to a second vote on the business premises qualification, a right hitherto enjoyed by men only. It is notoriou

that very many Conservatives view the Government's proposals with disfavour, and that members of the Government have publicly expressed themselves in terms that are strangely reminiscent of a former Lord Derby's famous dictum on an earlier Franchise Bill : that it was " a leap into the dark."

One effect, and that the most important effect, of this measure is that it will place for all time the women voters in a majority, not only in the country as a whole, but in practically every constituency. Since 1918 women have taken kindly to politics. It is the general experience, both of Members of Parliament and of party organizers, that the women are both keener and harder workers than the men, and it would seem certain that, once they are in a majority, all candidates will be liable to an almost overwhelming pressure to take up the woman's side of a question rather than the man's, in cases where such sides exist.

So far, it is true, there have been no signs of the formation of a feminist party, but one result of this Bill will be to increase enormously the number of unmarried women on the register, and a small, but determined, feminist group, interested solely in feminist questions, might easily dominate the situation in those constituencies where the cleavage on normal political lines is into parties of approximately equal strength. The increase in the number of unmarried women voters will probably facilitate the formation of such groups.

Whether this country can maintain its position as head of an Empire, when the Government of the day depend for their support on a permanent feminine majority, time alone can show; to this aspect of the case history affords no guide, because such a situation is without precedent in the annals of the world; but a moment's cool reflection will show that there is a strong case for those who regard the experiment as dangerous and premature, especially having regard to our commitments in Asia and Africa.

Under the terms of the Bill some five and a quarter million women will be added to the electorate. Of this number some two million are over the age of thirty. It has always seemed somewhat anomalous that under the Act of 1918 a woman of thirty years of age was not entitled to be placed on the register on the same terms

as a man, and had the Government confined their proposals to rectifying this anomaly, it is probable that but little opposition would have been aroused, whilst the masculine majority on the register would have been preserved. It is the addition of the remaining three and a quarter millions that has aroused, and is arousing, hostility—a hostility that is not confined to men, but is shared by a large number of women who take an active part in politics.

It is not easy to understand why the Government insist in forcing this measure through Parliament. The country is informed that this Bill is the fulfilment of a pledge given by the Prime Minister, but no one seems quite certain when and where such a pledge was given, and this policy certainly was not an integral part of the Conservative party's programme in 1924. It has also been urged that this measure was approved by the Cardiff Conference, and that the Government are bound to carry out the wishes of the party. This argument may be sound, but if it is, then logic should compel the Government to deal with the reform of the House of Lords, a subject on which the Cardiff Conference pronounced a very definite opinion.

Despite a motion for rejection that has been tabled by certain Conservatives the passage of this Bill into law may be regarded as a certainty. It has the approval of all the party organizations, each of whom privately believes that the newly-enfranchised women will vote in its favour at the General Election. The Conservatives hope for the gratitude of those who will receive the vote for the first time; forgetting the experience of Mr. Disraeli in 1868, when the newly-enfranchised voters showed their gratitude to the Conservative Party, to whom they owed their votes, by returning Mr. Gladstone to power. The Socialist expectations are probably based on sounder foundations, but it must always be remembered that their experience is almost exclusively drawn from industrial constituencies, especially those in the mining areas and big cities. The conditions in such constituencies are peculiar to themselves and cannot be regarded as forming a trustworthy analogy for the rest of the country. It is impossible to ascertain the views of the Liberal Party, but presumably for them any change may be for the better, since it can hardly be for the worse.

THE FRANCHISE BILL

Thus far I have dealt with the wider aspects of the measure; let us now consider the actual proposals in the Bill. The first thing that strikes the attention is the very limited scope of the proposed legislation. The Bill, stripped of its legal phraseology, enacts that any person of the age of twenty-one or upwards, who has the necessary residential or business qualification, is entitled to be placed on the register. The university franchise is given to women of the age of twenty-one, and a woman, like a man, may exercise two votes, but not more than two votes, at a general election. There is provision for an extra register to come into force on May 1, 1929, on which the names of the newly-enfranchised women voters will appear for the first time. The remaining provisions are purely consequential and of no importance. Hitherto, when any addition has been made to the electorate, it has been the constitutional practice to accompany the increase by some measure of redistribution, either in the Franchise Bill itself or in another Bill introduced almost concurrently. For this practice there is good reason. No increase in the electorate operates uniformly over the country. Some constituencies are increased to a far greater extent than others, thus disturbing the balance, and this Bill will prove no exception to this general rule.

It is estimated that in one constituency this Bill will add about 26,000 women to the existing electorate of some 40,000 persons; and although this is an extreme case, there are others where the electorates will be increased out of proportion. In fact, in the debate on the Representation of the People Bill, 1925 (which proposed to extend the franchise to women on very similar terms to the present measure), the Home Secretary, replying to the speech of Mr. Arthur Henderson, gave as one of the reasons why that Bill should be rejected, that "any Bill . . . must inevitably be followed by a redistribution scheme." There is no hint of such a scheme in the present Bill, and in reply to a question the Prime Minister stated in the House of Commons that the Government did not intend to introduce any measure of the sort.

Another question which has been widely discussed of late is the desirability of disfranchising the pauper voter. It is difficult to follow the mentality of those who argue

that it is desirable that a man who is living at the expense of his fellow-citizens should have a voice in choosing those persons whose duty it is to grant him relief and to determine the amount he should receive. It is notorious that it is the existence of the pauper vote that has led to the scandals of West Ham and Chester-le-Street, and which alone makes the continuance of Poplarism possible. It is clearly in the interests of good administration and clean local government that the pauper vote should be abolished, at least so far as local government elections are concerned. Yet the abolition of the pauper vote is omitted from the Franchise Bill, which, moreover, is so drafted that it will be impossible to raise this question on the floor of the House of Commons. The Bill is silent on the subject of election expenses. In short, it ignores, and ignores deliberately, every problem that arises from an enlargement of the electorate. This is the more regrettable since questions of electoral machinery are not of great interest to the average voter, although they are of far-reaching constitutional importance. In popular parlance they are a bad election cry. Hitherto the jam which has tempted the electorate to take an interest in such questions has been the promise of an extended franchise. When this Bill becomes law, we shall have practically universal suffrage. We are unlikely to see another Franchise Bill, since, except peers and lunatics, there will be nobody left to whom a vote can be given; and it is to be feared that no future Government will be willing to spend the necessary Parliamentary time in remedying the anomalies of our electoral system unless the measure is popularized by the cry of "Votes for somebody." To sum up. It may or may not be a good thing to give votes to women at the age of twenty-one. Many competent thinkers regard this proposal as premature and contrary to the best interests of the country. But at least, if such a policy was to be undertaken by the Government, then surely the opportunity should have been taken to deal with our franchise system once and for all on wide statesmanlike lines. This Franchise Bill deals with one aspect only of the problem and ignores the remainder. It will, I believe, be condemned by history, not so much for what it accomplishes as for what it leaves undone.

Safeguarding and Employment

By Sir Basil Peto, Bart., M.P.

"Employment must be found for our teeming population and on the development and stabilization of industry the employment of the people depends."—Col. John Gretton, M.P. "Conservative Policy," THE ENGLISH REVIEW, March, 1928.

FOR the past seven years under Governments of varying political complexion, whatever bright intervals in the political and economic sky may have cheered us from time to time, there has always been one dark cloud of which we have never been unconscious; persistently from 1,000,000 to 2,000,000 of our industrial classes have been living in enforced idleness and want.

The party system in this country has many advantages, but the fact that it seems to preclude the possibility of party politicians looking at economic questions dispassionately and from a national point of view is a very grave defect.

The results of the small departures from the free import system, which has been the prevailing policy of the country for the last seventy years, should receive dispassionate consideration. Whenever, however, the subject of this Government's experimental adoption of safeguarding arises in Parliament, we find it treated by the Opposition purely from the party and never from the national point of view. Liberal speakers, particularly, engage in desperate attempts by special pleading to prove that white is black and so to bolster up their theoretical "Free Trade" position.

Owing to the difficulties placed in the way of British industries, which try to make good a case for a safeguarding duty, by the White Paper procedure laid down by the Cabinet in 1924, only seven have been granted safeguarding out of forty-seven applications. Though the field is, therefore, limited, substantial and definite results can be shown. These results can be summarized as follows:

Imports of foreign manufactures have diminished.

The British share of the home market has increased.

The production and export of safeguarded manufactures have increased.

Prices have not increased.

The British taxpayer has been relieved to the extent of the Customs Revenue which has resulted; and lastly, and most important:

Employment of British labour has increased.

Regarded from the point of view of imports and exports, the year 1925 can be taken as the last non-safeguarded period and can be compared with the results of 1927. The great mass of non-safeguarded manufactures shows an *increase* of retained imports in 1927 as against 1925 of 11·2 per cent., and exports of the same goods show a *decrease* of 9 per cent. The result in the smaller volume of safeguarded manufactures for the same period shows a *decrease* in imports of 28·4 per cent., and an *increase* in exports of 11·1 per cent.

Perhaps more striking than these percentages, which apply to a wide field, is the effect of safeguarding on imports and exports in the case of stockings. Here we can compare non-safeguarded woollen stockings with silk and artificial silk, which receives a measure of protection under the silk duties.

Retained imports of silk and artificial silk stockings show a decrease between 1925 and 1927 of 49 per cent., and the exports of the same goods for the same period an increase of 38½ per cent.

In the case of woollen stockings exactly the opposite has taken place, and we find an increase for the same period of retained imports of 100 per cent., and a decrease in exports of 20 per cent.

The decrease in imports and increase in exports in silk and artificial silk stockings not only materially assist in diminishing the adverse balance of trade, but result in increased employment.

As regards the effect of safeguarding on employment, statistics are only available for some of the safeguarded industries and even the figures that are available do not show the whole advantage in employment, as they cannot give the effect on allied and subsidiary trades, or the employment resulting from the greater spending power of the increased number of people employed.

The following information is based on a reply given in

the House of Commons on November 10, 1927, by the Minister of Labour.

Industry.	June 1925. No. at work.	June 1927. No. at work.
Construction and repair of motor vehicles, cycles, and aircraft	200,616	218,332
Silk and artificial silk	43,594	51,772
Lace	16,123	16,767
Musical instruments	20,364	22,627
Total at work	280,697	309,498

These figures show an increase in the number of persons employed of 28,801, or a percentage increase in employment of 10·2.

In all the other insured industries, the increase in employment between the same dates was only 5·5 per cent. Had the increase been in the same ratio in the unsafeguarded as in the safeguarded industries, employment would have been found for an additional 500,000 people directly, without taking into account the increased employment which would have resulted from the increased spending power of those employed.

There is universal agreement in regarding the heavy burden of taxation and rating upon industry as being one of the principal causes of industrial depression.

Apart, therefore, from the relief to industry and the Exchequer, caused by the diminished cost of unemployment, the Customs revenue collected on safeguarded imports is important. This for the current financial year will amount in round figures to £11,000,000, and as the prices of the taxed manufactures have not gone up, it is clear that, so far as the foreigner has succeeded in retaining the trade, he has done so by cutting his prices by approximately the amount of the duty. The burden of the tax, therefore, has fallen upon him and not upon the British consumer.

On the question of prices, it is common knowledge that the price for motor-cars has steadily fallen since the reimposition of the duties.

In the case of leather gloves, although the price of leather has been rising, the average price is about 7½ per cent. below what it was when the safeguarding duties were imposed. Wrapping paper is slightly cheaper.

Though the silk and artificial silk duties are not strictly a safeguarding duty, they do show a definite advantage to home production. In the case of some real silk goods, there has been a slight increase in price, though the price of artificial silk goods has gone down.

In the case of nearly all the other safeguarded industries, prices are about the same as when the duties were imposed.

It is worth while to set out in slightly more detailed form the results of safeguarding in some of the industries affected.

In considering figures relating to the motor industry, it is fair to remember that in all countries in the world there is a rapidly expanding demand for motor transport. All the same, the increase in the production of cars since the reimposition of the McKenna Duties is remarkable.

Production in 1926 exceeded 1925 by 18 per cent., and 1924 by 36 per cent., and as it has always been alleged that the imposition of a Customs duty was bound to injure or destroy the export trade, it is interesting to note that the export of motor-cars has increased from £9,934,000 in 1925, to £10,558,000 in 1927.

In a letter to the chairman of the Empire Industries Association, on September 6 last, Mr. W. R. Morris wrote :

> I attribute these results, so beneficial to the industry, to the workers and to the consumers, as being largely due to the security afforded by the protection of the McKenna Duties, and I should like to place on record my opinion that if similar protection was granted to other industries, which are subjected to unfair foreign competition, we could absorb the whole of the nation's unemployed in productive industry.

The effect of the inclusion of pneumatic tyres under the McKenna Duty as recently as April last is so marked that it must be referred to. Although the demand for the home market is rapidly expanding, imports in 1927 were reduced by 33 per cent. as compared with the year before, and home production is rapidly increasing.

Not only are the largest British tyre manufacturers extending their factories, but no fewer than five foreign firms are preparing to manufacture in this country: The "Michelin" at Stoke-on-Trent; the "Pirelli" at Eastleigh; the "India Tyre Company" at Glasgow; and the "Overman" and "Goodyear" companies at Birmingham.

The Goodyear Company alone will give employment to 1,000 British workpeople, and in answer to a question in the House of Commons on March 12, the Government stated that these factories and those erected here to produce foreign motor-cars were expected to give employment to 13,000 British workpeople.

In the case of lace, we have the exact opposite of the motor industry, namely, an industry that owing to change of fashion was rapidly contracting. It is not too much to say that the safeguarding duty has saved it from disaster. The result has been that nearly 1,000 more people were at work in 1927 than there were in 1925. The Nottingham Lace and Net Finishers' Association reported a few days ago a 25 per cent. increase in home trade in 1926, the first year of safeguarding, over 1925, and in 1927 a 50 per cent. increase over 1925. The council expressed the opinion that these figures proved unanswerably the value of safeguarding to the industry.

The third industry I will take is gloves. The manufacture of leather gloves is one of the oldest industries in the country. Before the war it was not only suffering from competition on equal terms in our market of goods produced under unequal conditions, but had to meet a fashionable preference for foreign-made gloves that made the competition of the home-produced goods still more unequal. The new industry of fabric glove-making was carried on here only on a very small scale before the war. During the war, under the drastic conditions of protection which war enforces, both branches of the industry flourished and the new fabric industry seemed firmly rooted. Shortly after the war our home market was flooded with foreign goods made under inferior wage conditions, and both branches of the industry shrank and withered. Its present condition after a little more than two years of safeguarding is so graphically described by the President of the Board of Trade in a speech in the House of Commons on March 1 last, that I venture to transcribe it :

> I will take as my next example the glove trade. This has a Joint Industrial Council which supplies information as to what the trade is doing. The facts given me by this Council are these : Comparing the fourth quarter of 1925, before the duty was put on, and the third quarter of 1927, one finds that the production of leather gloves was

about 22 per cent. higher, while that of fabric gloves increased 70 per cent., there was a 10 per cent. increase in the total number of work-people employed in making leather gloves and a 46 per cent. increase in those making fabric gloves .... There are more people in the country. They are earning more money. They are wearing more gloves. British people are wearing more British gloves and are shunning foreign gloves. If the glove centres are visited, it will be found that before the duty was put on no one was going into the trade, and no apprentices were being taken on. Now everybody is working full time and apprentices are being taken on again ....

The case for the extension of the safeguarding policy to some of the basic industries of the country, particularly iron and steel and the woollen trade, is overwhelming; but that should form the subject of a separate article.

There is, however, another part of the fiscal policy adopted by the Government, Imperial Preference, the effect of which on employment in productive industry in this country is not in general fully appreciated.

Although Imperial Preference was adopted in the Budget of 1919, and has been stabilized and extended by the present Government, the effect on the imports of the principal goods to which it is applied must be measured against the pre-war period of 1913, as 1919 was an abnormal year, and war years are useless for comparison. The figures relating to five of the principal articles affected are given below :

	Empire.	Foreign.
Cocoa		
Imports in 1,000 cwts.		
1913	371	329
1927	1,202	88
Coffee		
1913	91	756
1927	328	365
Raisins		
1913	10	729
1927	630	984
Wine		
Imports in 1,000 gallons		
1913	967	12,271
1927	4,666	13,900
Tobacco		
(Unmanufactured)		
Imports in 1,000,000 lb.		
1913	2	160
1927	41	180

The importance of this increase in the share of the total imports which now come from the Dominions is that it obviously increases the purchasing power of the Dominions in the home market, and when it is realized that people in the Empire buy more British manufactured goods per head in pounds sterling than foreign countries do in shillings, the result in terms of employment in our manufacturing industries can be grasped. The Empire now takes practically half our total export of manufactures.

It is interesting in this connection to note that the report of the Liberal Industrial inquiry definitely rejects Imperial Preference, as it maintains that it cannot be imposed without " greatly increasing the cost of living of our people and putting obstacles in the way of our foreign trade."

In another passage, the report states that the " people of the Empire buy more of our goods per head than the corresponding peoples of other countries. It is, therefore, in our interest, as well as our duty, to do everything possible for the development of the Empire."

Coupled with the refusal to give any preference to the Empire, this appears to be merely a pious expression of opinion.

The Labour Party's economic policy with regard to employment appears to be confined to efforts to establish a universal eight-hours' day by international agreement and vague expressions of their desire to prohibit the import into this country of goods produced by labour paid at lower rates than those current here. This is so utterly impracticable and so incompatible with the maintenance of trade and friendly relations with any country that it cannot be regarded as anything more than visionary theory.

The only policy hitherto adopted by the Opposition parties is artificially produced work, paid for by the nation, and consequently imposing further burdens on industry through taxation and so, in completing the vicious circle, creating fresh unemployment.

The policy of safeguarding, therefore, stands as the only policy which has definitely proved its value to the working classes in giving employment in the productive industries of the country.

The Task of the Simon Commission

By Lord Sydenham of Combe

MISCONCEPTION as to the objects of the Statutory Commission set up under the terms of the Government of India Act of 1919 seems prevalent, and in India the enemies of British authority have laboured to make confusion worse confounded.

The liberal and important reforms of Lords Morley and Minto, which became operative in 1910, were at first received with surprised satisfaction by far-seeing Indians of the type of the late Mr. Gokhale. These reforms worked well,* and if, as I pleaded, they had been associated with a drastic measure of decentralization devolving large responsibilities upon the Provincial Legislative Councils, they might have led India by smooth steps towards self-government. Instead, a wave of agitation was started which gathered strength from the opportunities of the war, and threw up dead-sea fruit in the Montagu-Chelmsford-Meston project that took effect in 1920.

The natural consequence of the prospect opened out by the huge concessions of this triumvirate to the agitating classes, to whom the idea of fear on the part of the British Government had been unmistakably conveyed, was intensified effort to stir up trouble. This took the form of a most dangerous rebellion, centring in the Punjab, and intended to have been combined with an Afghan invasion. When, therefore, partly in response to a demand by the political irreconcilables, the Simon Commission was appointed, fresh disturbances were confidently expected by every one who had read the lessons of the past. We seem, however, to have lost the faculty of learning from experience, as our proceedings in Egypt and Iraq testify, and the careful preparations for a hostile reception of the Commission therefore created some surprise. Its appointment was instantly proclaimed as an insult to the Indian "nation" and a

* I have tried to explain the working of the Morley-Minto scheme, which I helped to inaugurate, in "My Working Life," Murray, 1927.

fresh example of British perfidy. Indian members ought to have been included in sufficient numbers to direct, if not to control, the inquiry, while incidentally the selections were not of sufficient calibre for a task of such outstanding importance. All this, with embellishments, was widely asserted before the Commission reached India; but it is improbable that the leading professional agitators believed that they had a valid case against our Government. The manufacture of grievances for the consumption of the ignorant here and in India has become a common pastime.

The Act contemplated an impartial body of quasi-judicial character reporting to Parliament, and even if it were conceivable that Indians could have been selected who would have given the smallest satisfaction to politicians mutually jealous and distrustful to the last degree, they would all have been deeply committed in advance and therefore hopelessly disqualified.

The task of the Commission is to discover and explain the measures best calculated to give peace and order, just government, prosperity and contentment to the masses of Indian peoples, of whom 80 per cent. dwell upon, and are engaged in, cultivating the land. If it could be made perfectly clear that Home Rule or Dominion Status, or whatever the political groups demand, would satisfy all these conditions, every lover of India could become a Swarajist.

It is, however, certain that, in the past eight years, the cost of government has mounted; the bureaucracies have largely increased; crime—and especially inter-communal violence—has notably grown; ugly symptoms of corruption have appeared in many public services; and the princes and chiefs have naturally become gravely alarmed at the prospects before them. The reformers, with singular infelicity, declared their intention of "deliberately disturbing the contentment" of the people; and they have already achieved marked success in this endeavour, though the end is not yet.* It is the duty

* Speaking in the House of Lords on August 6, 1918, when the momentous Montagu-Chelmsford Report was made public, I alluded to this astounding proposal and said that: "The catastrophic possibilities of discontent among 315,000,000 of people do not seem to have occurred to the authors of this Report."

of the Commission to note these and other indisputable facts, and to trace the relations between cause and effect. If its members could all spend at least two years in India, travelling far and wide, interviewing—in private—individual Indians of all classes, and studying continuously, there might be reasonable hope of their obtaining the material for a verdict that would endure. If the proceedings to which they will perforce be limited were adopted by a similar body charged with investigating the needs of the peoples of Europe excluding Russia, where races, customs, and conditions are far more homogeneous than those of India, some scepticism as to practical results would be inevitable. The baseless idea of the existence of an Indian "nation" is, however, apparently ineradicable.

We must suppose that Sir John Simon and his colleagues will give special and early consideration to the supreme Government, which, since 1920, has been controlled—except for the Viceroy's powers of veto and certification—by the least representative body known to democracy. They will not, unfortunately, be able to watch an Indian election in progress; but statistics are available for their partial enlightenment. They can, of course, easily study on paper the proceedings of the Assembly which passed a vote boycotting them on their arrival. This will enable them to arrive at a tolerably correct judgment as to how far the popularly elected members have shown anxiety for the welfare and progress of the masses. They may be able to measure the accuracy of Miss Mayo's lively description of the Indian legislatures in action :

> A roomful of small and rather mischievous children, who by accident have got hold of a magnificent watch. They fight and scramble to thrust their fingers into it, to pull off a wheel or two, to play with the mainspring, to pick out the jewels. They have no apparent understanding of the worth of the machinery, still less of the value of time. And when the teacher tells them how to wind their toy up, they shriek and grimace in fretful impatience, and stuff their butterscotch into the works.*

If, however, the Commission consider this picture overdrawn, they may at least remember that the delicate "mechanism" could only have been installed in India

* "Mother India." Cape.

by British officials, who alone can keep it going with some semblance of regularity. They may perhaps have listened to the speech, on March 8, of Sir Basil Blackett, who has rendered invaluable services to India during five years and has throughout been an outstanding exponent of the policy of conciliation. His words were :

> The principal interest of many of us during the whole of my term of office has been the desire to make the Assembly more and more into a Parliament, and my difficulty today is that, every time, the Assembly has tried to commit political suicide; every opportunity that has been given it to show that it has responsibility and can use it the Assembly takes to show that it can be irresponsible.

From the Central Government—the most important of their necessary studies—the Commissioners can proceed to examine the working of the Provincial Legislative Councils which vary in political sanity. They will find that the preposterous device of dyarchy has either been frankly abandoned or made to function by stripping it of all the attributes claimed by its authors. They may be expected to follow the administration into the districts and to examine the handling of the "Transferred Services," particularly the Medical and Agricultural, which stand in close relation to the life of the real people of India. Every organized, or pseudo-organized, body will send them a deputation or present a petition, and they will, no doubt, satisfy themselves as to the validity of these sometimes rudimentary bodies, and of their right to speak for the masses, whose welfare, as I have stated, must be their first consideration. Of individual witnesses, thousands will be available, and while the making of selections may be difficult, the Commissioners will surely come to understand that intimidation, in forms unfamiliar in the West, is rampant throughout India, and that, as a rule, only *in camera* can the truth be elicited. And throughout their proceedings it will be well for them always to bear in mind that the immense majority of the people is unaware of their existence, and the minority which takes notice of their proceedings has, for the most part, been purposely misled as to their objects and duties.

In common with most liberal-minded persons who have no knowledge of India, Sir John Simon has not

grasped the fact that we have, or had, large numbers of Indian friends who have been progressively alienated by continuous concessions to the enemies of our rule. There are many most capable Indians who, while desirous of advance towards self-government, perfectly understand that Swaraj would mean the ruin of their country. Such men rarely come into the political limelight in which the "leaders" are perpetually bathed by their Press and ours. Some of them are naturally disinclined to take a public stand against what has been made to appear a flowing tide; but, watching our consistent policy—at least since the era of Mr. Montagu—they note that hostility to the Government is usually rewarded. A loyal soldier like Lieut.-Colonel Sir Umar Hayat Khan could say at Delhi recently that it was commonly believed that

> if a man wanted to be a High Court judge all he need do was to criticize the Government, and then he got what he wanted.*

Our Indian friends have every reason, based upon notorious instances, to consider that the surest way to official preferment is to attack the Government. As, further, our natural supporters generally find themselves thrown over, and may incline to believe that the flowing tide is with the revolutionary parties of whom they consider that we are plainly afraid, they may well feel indisposed to thwart the future rulers of India. This tendency is not absent in the West; in the East it has powerfully asserted itself throughout history. Conciliation may be admirable, but when tried upon determined opponents it is generally futile, if not dangerous. Sir Austen Chamberlain perhaps realizes this after the total failure to conciliate, by perilous concessions, the Egyptian Nationalists, who closely resemble the irreconcilable group of Indian politicians.

It was as a good Liberal that Sir John Simon made his first *démarche* in India, which the Government must have regarded with anxiety. In a letter to the Viceroy, he invited seven members elected by the Assembly and by each Provincial Legislative Council to associate themselves with his Commission almost on terms of equality. This amiable and well-meant concession was

* This has actually happened.

open to every sort of objection. Coming when frantic attempts were being made to make all India appear hostile to the Commission, it would naturally be regarded as inspired by fear.* The Swarajists and their allies, who, Sir J. Simon may have imagined, would receive his *beau geste* with pleased, if dissimulated, avidity, flung it back contemptuously. More, they believed, might be obtained by a fighting attitude, especially if their *hartals* were successful. But how could seven different amalgamated bodies work in practice? The Commission is of the nature of an Appeal Court, and if the case of Rex *v.* Panditji† were being tried before three law-lords, the association with them of an equal number of the defendant's counsel would be regarded with astonishment.

Occasional discussions in this "Free and Open Conference" between the Commission and the varying "Septem duces apud Thebas" might be useful; but, as the latter would tell the same story with minor variants, the minds of the Commissioners would receive totally false impressions of Indian opinion. Unless they prove to be supermen, their balance and their sense of scale would be destroyed. The evidence of any witness called before any of these amalgamated bodies would be worthless, even if the "Septem duces" were not permitted to cross-examine, as was at once demanded. I frankly confess that Sir J. Simon's first step in India seems to me to be a mistake of the first class, which may clog the whole proceedings of the Commission, although the boycott will certainly break down; but I can perfectly understand the excellent motives by which he was inspired.

* Since writing this I have seen a letter from a loyal Hindu, who read Sir John Simon's letter in the train, and pertinently remarks: "I was very much upset to learn it and cursed the Government for its vacillating policy, and two other gentlemen in that compartment did the same. . . . Naturally Indians of all thoughts are of opinion that the Bombay *hartal* frightened Sir John Simon, the members of the Commission and the Government. . . . Such actions embolden the agitators and discourage the pro-Government people, while encouraging the wavering and neutrals to go over to the enemy's side . . . . The agitators are in no way moved by Sir J. Simon's letter. They have taken advantage of Government's habitual weakness." A loyal Sikh has written to me in just the same terms.

† I have borrowed this collective designation from "The Lost Dominion," where the psychology of the agitating classes is lucidly explained.

The *hartals* generally were a failure in spite of great efforts, in which Bolshevik assistance was forthcoming and wholesale intimidation; but the disturbances were greater than the public was allowed to know, and at Madras, owing to some negligence, they were nearly dangerous. An officer writes from the once placid city, which Mrs. Besant took in hand in 1917, that

> the whole mob was completely out of hand. . . . The Law Courts were in the hands of the mob; Europeans were severally stoned, and the police did nothing, nor were the military called out until late in the afternoon. Such a thing could never have happened if the most simple precautions had been taken. As it is, the Congress leaders . . . not only have had a laugh at us, but Government's reply * is such as to encourage them to further efforts . . . . The very considerable Indian community feel definitely that their reward for not taking part in the *hartal* was to be left at the mercy of the mob and utterly "let down" by Government.

Considering the organized attempts to create disorder throughout India, and the fact that in many bazaars a bag of rupees judiciously distributed suffices to create a riot if there is no stalwart British officer on the spot to check it at the start, the failure of the Indian politicians is significant. The boycott of British goods, revived by Gandhi—who is already responsible for a holocaust of Indian lives—and strongly supported by the member for Battersea, is also unlikely to succeed. The object in both cases was to gain positions of vantage from which to bargain with the Commission. This, we may hope, Sir John Simon and his colleagues will understand.

The confused political forces which the Commission must take into account are mainly four:

1. The Swarajist Congress Party, well organized, provided with funds, and in control of the local Bars and of the Press, is largely Brahman in character. Caste Indians number about one-half of the total population, and are all susceptible to Brahman influences, rooted in the traditions of many centuries.

2. The Liberals, composed of malcontents of various types, also chiefly Hindus, and including many of the vakil and money-lending classes.

* To representations from the European associations and the Madras Chamber of Commerce.

3. The small and discredited rump of the ridiculous Khilafat Party, the only section of Moslems which intrigues with the Congress organization.

4. The bulk of the 70 million Indian Moslems, who regard the visible effects of the Montagu reforms with growing alarm.

The actions and reactions of the three first of these groups are baffling to the last degree. They agree and disagree in accordance with the temporary inspirations of a few leaders, and they are united only in bitter hostility to British authority. The political parties as a whole show signs of a certain cleavage arising from the policy of boycotting the Commission, and there seems to be a tendency to gather into two main camps—a Hindu Mahasabha under Brahman control with religious implications, and the All-India Moslem League upholding the just claims of the Indian Musulmans, and also actuated by the dictates of religion. Apart from religious divisions, there is political antagonism between town-bred politicians and the dominant interests of the land which were ignorantly sacrificed by the Montagu school. This, of course, is a conflict of a kind by no means confined to India.

Such, in brief outline, are the forces—partly natural and partly artificially generated—with which the Simon Commission has to deal, and no more formidable task can be imagined. Propaganda has succeeded in elevating Home Rule, or Dominion Status, which Mr. Al. Carthill has admirably analysed,* into a slogan, and Sir John Simon will find that it has become the parrot cry of Indian organizations whose members would suffer disaster if it were adopted, but who believe that, by some ingenious plan of infinitely complicated communal representation, they could secure just treatment. He will quickly realize that the Indian politicians, as a whole, have no idea of constitution-making, and that no agreed plan for his guidance can be evolved even by the small body of ambitious persons who affect to represent non-existent Indian opinion.

Constitutional development on the lines of the last reforms can only result in further paralysing authority

* "The Garden of Adonis."

in India. A Central Government, suffering continuous defeats—four on March 13 alone—throughout each session, and subjected to a stream of open vilification * partly with alien inspiration, can only lead India towards chaos, as is happening. The combination of these two conditions in the supreme Government would be intolerable in the West; in the East it is necessarily disastrous. Even the maintenance of the *status quo* at Delhi and Simla would drive the princes and chiefs, who govern one-third of India, to desperation, and the Moslem community of over 70,000,000 to active hostility in more dangerous forms than we have yet known. Incidentally it would rivet the chains of Brahman domination,† and by prostituting the forms of democracy, where no democracy can at present exist, it would saddle the 320 millions of India with the narrowest and most privileged oligarchy left in the world.

The drastic reconstruction of the Central Government and the restoration of the powers vital to the continuance of the peace and advancement of India should be the first care of the Commission. A single Chamber on the lines of the present Council of State is required, with functions limited to purely All-India Legislation, and the Native States should have liberal representation. In the Provinces a further advance towards self-government can be made if the Central Government is empowered to intervene whenever misrule occurs; but the electorates which have produced distinctly less efficient Councils than those set up in 1910 require to be overhauled. These broad principles would be accepted by many thoughtful and

* Describing the extraordinary proceedings in the Assembly on March 10, when the preposterous President publicly censured the Commander-in-Chief for absence from a division which he could not have expected, the *Times* correspondent telegraphed: "Political leaders yesterday again used the Legislative Assembly as a platform for their campaign of distrust and hate of the Government."

† Brahmanism has survived through centuries of change, overcoming Buddhism, outlasting successive waves of Mohammedan invasion, gaining from the wholesale destruction of the Rajputs, and asserting power over the Maratha chieftains. Islam and Sikhism, to a less extent, have been its principal opponents; but its influence, in Southern India especially, is little impaired, and today Brahman Hinduism is the only indigenous link which binds together a large mass of the racially diverse Indian population.

patriotic Indians, but will not emerge in the joint conferences.

I cannot here refer to the vital question of the defence of India, to the withering of the great public services, or to the many other matters which must present themselves to the Statutory Commission. It is for them to suggest how India can be so governed as to ensure security and impartial justice for her multitudinous peoples. The association of responsible Indians with the governance of their country is all to the good, provided that the right type of man, which India can produce, is obtained, which is not now happening.

Principles, however, are of supreme importance at the present most critical juncture. In the East strong and fearless government, which consistently supports its friends, and never attempts to conciliate its enemies, is the first essential. The paralysing of authority throughout a sub-continent has already brought India to the verge of the abyss, with consequent injury to the true interests of the masses. Will the Commission be brought to understand that democratic theories have no meaning where even the elements of a democracy are at present wholly absent?

Poland's Claim to the Vistula Corridor and Danzig

By Dantiscus

DURING the last few months an increasing number of writers in the English and French Press have referred to the untenability of the eastern frontiers of the German Reich, reference being made in particular to the corridor which divides East Prussia from the German mainland, and to the Free City of Danzig, which, in common with the corridor, was detached from the mother-country against the will of the inhabitants. It is emphasized that a great nation like Germany cannot possibly accept its present eastern frontiers as permanent, especially as the Treaty of Versailles in this respect contravenes Wilson's fundamental principle of self-determination. The Poles base their claims primarily on history; they endeavour to show that the area in dispute had from prehistoric times been Polish, and that the Germans had seized it in order to colonize and Germanize it. How far this assumption is historically correct is disclosed in the following analysis of the Polish claims.

Prehistoric finds prove beyond doubt that as early as the Neolithic Age the inhabitants of the most northerly part of the corridor area were of German stock. At the beginning of the Christian era, the land was inhabited by tribes of Rugii, Burgundii, Goths, and Gepidæ, who, when the great migrations started, had been driven from their original habitat and had wandered south and west. It was not until the sixth century that Slavonic tribes occupied the district, from which the German tribes had been expelled.

The Poles now assert that Pommerellia (the Polish "Pomorze" of today) was incorporated with the kingdom of Poland by Boleslaus the Daring at the beginning of the eleventh century, since which time, with the exception of 146 years when it was in the hands of the Teutonic

knights, it has belonged for more than six centuries to Poland.

The hypothesis is devoid of historic foundation. To begin with, King Boleslaus did not endeavour to subjugate forcibly that part of Pommerellia which today forms part of the Polish corridor, but only the western portion of the Pomeranian country as far as Colberg. With the autonomous and independent prince of the easterly portion (the "Pomorze" of today) he was on the most friendly of terms, and gave him his daughter in marriage. Nowhere is the slightest reference to any annexation by, or even vassalage to, the kingdom of Poland to be found. It was not until the twelfth century that a tributary relation with Poland was acknowledged; even this was temporary, and was entirely swept aside by Duke Swantopolk of Pommerellia in 1220. Swantopolk assumed the title of duke as an outward sign of sovereignty and equality with the Polish dukes—the title of king having already been abolished in 1079—and until the ducal family died out in 1294, he and his successors succeeded in maintaining their independence of the Polish dukes, for the most part, indeed, by force of arms. On the death of the last Pommerellian duke, a war of succession broke out between the various relations of the extinct dynasty, among whom were the Germanized dukes of West Pomerania, the German Margraves of Brandenburg, and Przemislaus of Poland. On the death of Przemislaus in 1296, the Polish throne was seized by Ladislaus Lokietek, who, however, being shortly afterwards dethroned, was unable to make good his claim to Pommerellia against the Brandenburgers, with the result that his vice-gerent at Danzig, acting on his instructions, appealed to the German Order of Teutonic Knights for aid. The knights repulsed the Brandenburgers, but since Ladislaus did not refund the expenses of the campaign as stipulated, Danzig and the whole of Pommerellia were handed over to the Order in 1308. Even if the territory had not been acquired by force of arms, the Order would still have had a legal title to it in virtue, first, of a treaty concluded in 1309 with the Margraves of Brandenburg, in which the latter renounced all title to the country for a monetary consideration; and, secondly, of the peace of

Kalisch, under which Casimir the Great, of Poland, also renounced in favour of the Teutonic Order all claim, both for himself and his successors. Up till 1308 therefore Pommerellia was never a Polish possession; on the contrary, it was an independent autonomous country governed by its own non-Polish rulers.

The Polish assertion that Pommerellia belonged to Poland for six hundred years, however, is not only incorrect with regard to the period from 1000 to 1308; it is incorrect also in regard to the later period from 1454 to 1569. West Prussia and the contiguous part of Pommerellia (the corridor of today) were not incorporated with Poland in 1454, but only associated with it in a personal union under the Polish kings; that is to say, although these territories recognized the sovereignty of the King of Poland, they retained their political independence of Poland. They had their own laws and Parliament; neither Polish laws nor the ordinances of Polish authorities were recognized; the official language was not Polish, but German; all Poles were regarded as foreigners and were not eligible for ecclesiastical or temporal offices. The one thing the two territories had in common with Poland was the king—just as today Denmark and Iceland acknowledge one king. The Government was entirely separate and independent—a fact which was clearly stated in the eighteenth century by the well-known Danzig jurist and historian, Lengnich. This independence was solemnly acknowledged by the kings of Poland in the Charter of Union of 1454. The Peace of Thorn of 1466 terminated the resistance of the Order and consummated the union with the Polish crown. From about 1500 persistent efforts were made to undermine it, but despite these attacks it was maintained until 1569. In that year at the Parliament of Lublin the Poles were able to abrogate the autonomy of Pommerellia and West Prussia and reduce them to the status of a Polish province. This *coup d'état* succeeded because the Catholics, in particular Bishop Hosius of Ermland, actuated by hatred of the Reformation, which had been accepted in Prussia, went over to the Polish side. Thus it was that Pommerellia became a Polish possession and so remained until in 1772 Frederick the Great again incorporated it with

POLAND'S CLAIM TO THE VISTULA CORRIDOR

THE NEW POLAND AS DELIMITED BY THE TREATY OF VERSAILLES. THE RUSSIAN FRONTIER WAS FIXED BY THE TREATY OF RIGA IN 1921.

Germany and put an end to the isolation of East Prussia from the remainder of the Prussian State, which even at that time had become intolerable.

Pommerellia was Polish, therefore, for 200 years only, and not "for more than 600 years," as the Polish Government of today assert, while it was under German sovereignty for 305 years—from 1308 to 1466, and from 1772 to 1919.

The results of the *coup d'état* of 1569 were for Pommerellia the unhappiest that could be imagined. The encroachments of the Poles began in deadly earnest. The State, the nobility, and the clergy vied with each other in oppressing the peasants, who from being free men and land-owners were reduced to slavery and deprived even of the right to invoke the law to protect them against their oppressors. The small towns were exploited by the landlords, starosts, and the neighbouring Polish nobility, and subjected to every form of infliction. Any grievances or suits which they brought before the Courts were deferred for whole decades, or never adjudicated. The arbitrary methods of the nobility and the officials crippled commerce and industry, to which was added the hostility of the Catholic clergy towards Protestantism, which had been accepted by the majority of the German population, and was now becoming an almost helpless prey to the violent onslaughts of the counter Reformation under the leadership of the Jesuits. Churches were taken from the Protestants and handed over to often non-existent Polish Catholic communities; permission to build new churches was refused, and lawsuits arising out of these conditions after dragging on for years nearly always ended with a verdict in favour of the Catholics. The wars which Poland waged with her neighbours, notably the wars with Sweden, which lasted for a hundred years, left the country devastated; and epidemics which followed depopulated the towns and villages, so that at the end of the two hundred years of Polish administration the once so prosperous land had become a desolate wilderness.

The Poles assert that ethnographically the population of Pommerellia is fundamentally Polish. According to them, even the Kashubes, the inhabitants of the most

northerly part of the province, are also of Polish origin. Of the total population of 800,000, they say only 12 per cent. are German, and the remaining 88 per cent. Polish. These statements are demonstrably wrong. If the population of Pommerellia is taken as a whole, it is, of course, essential to include the territory of the Free City of Danzig. Although the Poles have not yet been able to achieve the annexation of Danzig, a demand which they have by no means renounced, the free city has none the less, in common with the corridor, been torn out of its cultural and industrial associations with Germany, and through its enforced incorporation in the Polish Customs Union, and the other economic rights of Poland, been brought into far closer connection with that country than is acceptable. As the capital of West Prussia, Danzig was formerly the chief town of the "Corridor" territory, and cannot therefore be excluded from any consideration of the latter. In the seventeen "circles" which have now become Polish—including the free City of Danzig—there were according to the census of 1910, 651,855 Germans, 445,235 Poles, and 91,019 Kashubes—or 206,620 more Germans than Poles, 560,836 more Germans than Kashubes, and 115,591 more Germans than Poles and Kashubes counted together.

No one with these figures before him can speak of an overwhelming Polish population; to regard the German population as only 12 per cent. and the Polish as 88 per cent. is to mistake the facts.

We have up to now reckoned the Kashubes and Poles together and weighed them against the Germans. But this does not imply that they are to be regarded as a racial unit. The balance against Poland is very much heavier if the fact of the separate identity of these peoples, which has been established both ethnographically and historically, is taken into consideration. Today, as throughout the ages, the Kashubes refuse to consider themselves Poles. Their antagonism has, indeed, become historical through the oppressions which the Kashubian peasantry suffered at the hands of the Polish estate-owners during the 200 years of Polish sovereignty, and which still remain rooted in the Kashube national consciousness, and through the unceasing struggles the

Kashubes were obliged to wage prior to 1308 against the Polish efforts to subjugate them. Regarded ethnographically, the Kashubes and the Poles are, it is true, cognate, in the same way as are the Scandinavians and the Germans, but they are in no way of Polish origin. They form, with the Poles and the almost extinct race of the Wends, the so-called Lechic, or north-western branch of the Slavs, who, together with the Czechs and Slovaks, constitute the western Slavs; but they are as independent a branch of the Slavs as the Poles themselves, and are, in fact, more nearly related to the Wends than to the Poles. No one in Germany thinks of claiming the Dutch or Flemish as Germans; nor has Poland any better title to claim the Kashubes as Poles.

The German population in the corridor has been settled there since the twelfth century. They are not immigrants of the last few centuries, as are the greater number of the Poles; nor are they intruders who have expelled the original inhabitants. The land on the left bank of the Vistula from the sea coast to the Netze belonged originally to the Kashubian domain, and was populated by Kashubes, although but sparsely. To reclaim and cultivate the land the Kashube princes called in German monks and peasants. The first missionaries who had arrived there towards A.D. 1000 were not Poles, but Germans. German monasteries were established at Oliva, Pelpin, Zuchau, Zarnowitz, and Karthaus between the twelfth and fourteenth centuries. All the towns in the country are of German foundation. Under the protection of the monasteries there grew up villages peopled with Germans. When the Teutonic knights came into possession, they systematically colonized the land with German peasants; but they did not drive the Kashubes out of their own holdings. On the contrary, their solicitude for both German and Kashube peasants was so catholic and so beneficial that even today the period of the "Crusaders" is regarded by the Kashubes as the Golden Age.

It was not until towards the end of the fifteenth century that the Poles began to force their way into the Corridor from the east and the south. With their advance began that oppression and enslavement of the Kashubes

to which reference has already been made. There was no change for the better until Prussia, under Frederick the Great, took possession of the land, proceeded immediately to liberate the peasants from the serfdom into which the Poles had forced them, and began the reconstruction of the entire country. The Kashubian peasantry and the Kashubian cities have to thank their German rulers for what they are today, and not the Poles, under whose administration they were impoverished.

The Poles adduce as evidence of the Polish character of the northern part of the Corridor the fact that in this overwhelmingly Kashubian district only Polish representatives were elected to the German Parliament. It should here be premised that in the whole of the province of West Prussia ten German and three Polish representatives were elected to Parliament. The explanation of this apparently glaring inconsistency with historical fact is threefold. The Kashubian people are peasants and fervent Catholics. A priest in the eyes of the Kashubes is almost a supra-mundane being, and they submit implicitly to his influence. The Catholic clergy in Kashubia were almost without exception Polish nationalists, and were consequently Germanophobe. They exerted their influence in the interests of Polish nationalism, not only in the pulpit and the confessional, but also through economic organizations, the co-operative societies, most of which are conducted by priests, and the peasants' banks, which were supported chiefly with Polish capital. It must also be remembered that even up to the most recent times the Kashubian language has existed only as a spoken tongue, and has never possessed a literature. The people therefore received their intellectual food almost exclusively from an anti-German Polish Press, which was recommended by the priests and was in part in their hands. Under this threefold pressure of the priests, the economic organizations, and the Press, it was only to be expected that the simple-minded people would succumb to Polish influence and blindly submit to the will of the Polish ecclesiastical leaders. It is only quite recently that a Kashubian middle-class has come into existence, bringing with it a Kashubian national consciousness which aims at the maintenance of its

national characteristics, and whose interests are not only divorced from those of Poland, but are in direct opposition to them.

If the creation of the corridor cannot be justified either historically or ethnographically, since the country is neither entirely nor preponderantly Polish, it is impossible for Poland to derive a historic title to the Free City itself from the existence of a circumjacent Polish zone. The Poles, too, appear to realize the instability of their historical and ethnographic case, and are now endeavouring to bolster it up by pleading their right of access to the sea. Even this claim must be examined.

According to the Poles, one of the main traffic arteries through Poland to the sea is the Vistula. It was this argument that induced the Great Powers to award it to them at the Peace Conference. A glance at a map is enough to show that four-fifths of this so-called "purely Polish river" (800 out of a total of a 1,000 kilometres) are not navigable. For one thing the river is not regulated between Cracow and Thorn; it is in fact nomadic, frequently changing its bed owing to floods and the masses of sand which come down from the Carpathians. The continual piling up of new sandbanks in the river course renders navigation on this stretch, even for ships of only 200 tons, impossible for the greater part of the year. These four-fifths comprise that portion of the Vistula which is purely Polish. The remaining fifth, which flows between Thorn and the sea, was originally subdued by the Teutonic Order by means of mighty dams and breakwaters and converted into a well-regulated waterway, and was later rendered navigable for ships up to 400 tons at an expenditure of 124 million marks by the Prussian Government, whose intention it was (shortly before the outbreak of the war) to dredge the river bed again to admit the easy navigation of ships up to 1,000 tons. Under Polish administration even this part of the river is already losing its value owing to the fact that the conservancy works, on which Prussia spent 2½ million marks annually, are being so neglected that innumerable sandbanks are continually forming and endangering traffic. The great Vistula harbour near Kurzebrack, which was constructed by Prussia and in which dozens

of ships were formerly berthed, is choked with sand, so that traffic is at a standstill. It is therefore evident that the Polish State, which laid so much stress on the possession of the Vistula as a means of access to the sea, has neglected the waterway until it is practically ruined. It can hardly therefore possess the importance which Poland professed before the Peace Conference, when the Vistula was described as the backbone of the Polish State.

Even if it were the case—which it is not—the question still arises whether Poland's commercial requirements really necessitated the cession of so large an area as the corridor, and whether some other solution to the problem could not have been found, such as those which have been successfully applied elsewhere. There are other countries in exactly the same position as Poland in that they are ethnographically landlocked. Take, for instance, Czecho-Slovakia. Industry in this country is very highly developed and the export markets are far more vital to the country than those of Poland, but in spite of this all over-sea transport is carried through Germany up the Elbe. It is the same with Austria and Hungary. And how is Switzerland placed? Has this country an access to the Mediterranean or to the North Sea through its own domain?

The Poles declare that these comparisons are irrelevant because, for instance, Switzerland is much smaller than Poland and has a population of only 3,800,000. Surely it is not necessary to point out that this question is one to be regulated not by the size of the country, but by its industrial output. No one can deny that the industrial production of Switzerland is many times greater than that of Poland. If, therefore, the industrial requirements of Switzerland and other countries are adequately served over their existing frontiers, why is it necessary for Poland to enjoy a preferential position—a position obtained into the bargain by tearing Germany asunder and forcibly depriving East Prussia of its natural associations?

But—so runs the Polish argument—the present condition of East Prussia is no new thing. For over six hundred years, indeed during the whole of its history,

it was separated from Brandenburg-Prussia by Poland; but this isolation did not prevent it from being a source of strength to Frederick the Great during the Seven Years' War. Here again, one can but say, So many words, so many errors.

East Prussia, which in the period following 1231, was christianized by the Teutonic Order and settled with German knights, burghers and peasants, was from 1248 in direct communication with Germany through an agreement made by Duke Swantopolk of Pommerellia, whose seat was at Danzig. From 1308 to 1466 the Order possessed the whole of Pomerania and was thus territorially connected with Germany. In 1772 Brandenburg-Prussia conquered it again and retained it until 1919. East Prussia was therefore in territorial communication with Germany for 365 years, or at the very least 305 years, the connection being only broken by Poland for 306 years.

The evil experiences of the Seven Years' War contributed largely to Frederick the Great's decision to re-annex West Prussia to his kingdom. It was precisely the isolation of East Prussia which forced him to leave the province to its own devices during the course of the war. The result was the occupation of the country from 1758 to 1762 by Russian troops under whose regime it suffered severely. The province became the base for the Russian operations against Frederick. The Empress Elizabeth desired to annex it, and it was only her death and the succession of Peter III, an admirer of Frederick the Great, to the Russian throne that saved the country. At one time during 1759 the Russian Army was almost before the gates of Berlin.

The Polish assertion that East Prussia never belonged to the Holy Roman Empire is sophistical. East Prussia belonged to the Prussian State; it belonged to it, not as a colony, but as an integral member. Brandenburg-Prussia, after the co-enfeoffment of the united House of Brandenburg in 1565, was the heir to East Prussia and in 1603 entered into actual possession. In 1656 it was raised to the level of an independent autonomous State entirely independent of Poland. From that time East Prussia has, in common with Brandenburg and Pom-

erania, been an integral part and province of the Prussian State and has been governed from its centre, Berlin. Pillau, near Königsberg, was the first war base of the Great Elector; East Prussia was the cradle of the Prussian kingdom; at Königsberg in 1701 the Kingdom of Prussia was created, and Königsberg has ever since remained the coronation town of the Prussian kings. It played the same part in the reorganization of the State as did the other provinces of Prussia after the collapse in 1806; it was here that the German War of Liberation broke out in 1813. All this proves that East Prussia was never a colony, but an integral part of Prussia.

To summarize, therefore:

1. The Poles cannot establish an historical title to Danzig. Such a title never existed at any period in history.

2. The Vistula does not possess the importance for Poland which is claimed, because four-fifths of its course are practically unnavigable, and the remaining fifth, which was regulated by Prussia and rendered navigable for ships up to 400 tons, has been so neglected since it passed into Polish ownership that it is again choked with sandbanks.

3. But even if the Vistula possessed the importance that Poland assigns to it, this would be no justification for the cession of the Corridor to that country. Other countries which, although smaller than Poland, have more highly developed industries, and whose export trade is therefore more extensive, are in exactly the same position, e.g. Czecho-Slovakia, Austria, Hungary and Switzerland.

4. The existence of the Corridor is not justifiable on either geographical or ethnographic grounds because:

5. The Kashubes are not Poles, neither are they of Polish origin. They are, like the Czechs and the Poles, an independent branch of the Slavonic race.

6. Pommerellia is not an indisputably, nor even a preponderantly, Polish district. In 1910 out of the total population of 1,206,139 (in the seventeen "circles" which have since become Polish, including the Free City of Danzig), 651,855 were Germans, 445,235 Poles, and 91,019 Kashubes; there were thus 206,620 more Germans than Poles, and 115,591 more Germans than Poles and Kashubes together.

7. Pommerellia belonged to Poland for 200 years only—from 1569 to 1772—and not for 600 years as claimed; and even then only after it had been annexed by Poland in 1569 by the violation of a sacred treaty. It has been under German administration for 305 years—from 1308 to 1466, and from 1772 to 1919.

8. The Corridor tears Germany asunder and isolates East Prussia.

9. From the beginning of its history East Prussia has never stood alone, but was for 365, or for at any rate for 305 years, territorially connected with Germany, and was only separated from it by Poland for 306 years. It belonged to Prussia, not as a colony, but as one of the provinces of the Prussian State, from 1565, or at least from 1603; and it was not incorporated with Germany, but passed automatically as one of the provinces of the kingdom of Prussia into the German Empire.

10. East Prussia has always suffered heavily through its separation from the remainder of the Prussian State, e.g. during the Seven Years' War, when it was occupied by Russia for four years, and served as a Russian base of operations against Frederick the Great. These experiences led Frederick the Great to reunite East Prussia territorially with the remainder of the kingdom of Prussia.

The Baltic Question

By Robert Machray

For centuries Great Britain has been deeply, if not vitally, interested in the question of the Baltic: Whether that sea shall remain open to trade and commerce or become *mare clausum*? The question is not acute at present, nor does it seem likely to be acute in the near future; but it persists, and should not be lost sight of. Before the war the Baltic littoral was shared by Russia, Germany, Sweden, and Denmark, and the sea was free to shipping. But during the war, owing to the military and naval predominance of Germany in that area, the Baltic was converted into what was virtually a German lake, and shipping, other than German or Germanic, was excluded. In 1917–18 the Russian debacle provided the opportunity of proclaiming their independence to certain countries which had belonged for some time to the Russian Empire, and which fronted on the Baltic. This was an entirely new and most significant development. The Baltic question assumed a fresh phase.

Farthest north was Finland, an autonomous Grand Duchy under the Tsar, and never really Russified. Below the Gulf of Finland, in order from north to south, came Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania. The first two had been known as the Baltic Provinces of Russia, and all three had been more or less Russified. On their emergence as independent geographical and political entities they were usually called the New Baltic States, though not altogether correctly, as, for instance, Lithuania was a resurrected State like Poland. More to the point was the fact that all four States had broken with Russia, and that all had frontages, aggregating hundreds of miles in length, on the Baltic, which up to that time had together formed much the larger part of the Russian coast. Indeed, all that was left to Russia was a short shoreline that did scarcely more than afford protection to a fair seaway into Petrograd.

Here was a tremendous change in the situation. In

place of Russia, and all that she had meant, stood these four comparatively small States — Finland, Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania. But the change went much farther than that. Finland proclaimed her independence in December 1917, but was tied more or less to Germany. Lithuania and Estonia proclaimed their independence in February 1918, but they were occupied by German forces. At that time Latvia was held by the Germans; she did not proclaim her independence till November 18, 1918, and by that date Germany had been beaten. But until the tide definitely turned in favour of the Allies, these States or lands were under the control, or in the hands, of Germany, and the Baltic presented, as late as the early autumn of 1918, every appearance of actually becoming a German lake. There need be no doubt that, if Germany had won, she would have made the Baltic *mare clausum* to all intents and purposes. It is a thing which should not be forgotten, even in these slack days of reaction, by the British people. The Germans left or, rather, had to leave those Baltic States, but it was not until well towards the end of 1919 that they disappeared finally from Latvia and Lithuania.

Nor was it with the Germans alone that these States had to make their account. Perhaps their most terrible year was 1919, when they were called on to put forth their utmost efforts in repelling the invasions of the Bolshevist hordes of the Soviet. Thanks to German assistance Finland solved and settled her Bolshevik-Communist problem in 1918, and became mistress in her own house, but did not definitely make peace with Soviet Russia till October 1920. Since then her course has been prosperous, and her President, M. Relander, the other day expressed her chosen political mission when he said that his country was a link between the Scandinavian and the Baltic States. This is excellent so far as it goes, but the Baltic States, by which he meant the States south of the Gulf of Finland, wish it to have a farther reach. What they desire is a Baltic League of which Finland would be a member, but hitherto Finland has stood aloof from such a combination.

Estonia and Latvia were severely tried in 1919 by Bolshevik invasions, and their case at times was

desperate. In January nearly two-thirds of Estonia was occupied by the Red Army; Riga, the Latvian capital, had been taken by the Soviet forces. Helped by the Finns, their kinsmen, who contributed volunteers, loans, and equipment, the Estonians drove the Bolsheviks out of their country, and then they turned to support the Latvians. Their combined operations succeeded in driving out, not only the Reds, but also the German troops of General von der Goltz. Estonia also facilitated the campaign of General Yudenitch for Petrograd and, after his defeat, repulsed in December of that year all the attacks of the Soviet on Narva. On February 2, 1920, the Reds admitted their complete failure by making a treaty of peace with Estonia. The Latvians, aided also by the Poles, finally worsted the Bolsheviks, and a treaty of peace was signed with the Soviet in August 1920. A month earlier Lithuania had made a peace treaty with the Red Government. This State, too, had suffered much from German occupation and Bolshevik incursions.

Even from the foregoing bare recapitulation of their history it will readily be understood that these three States —Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania—were in a lamentable position. They had achieved or regained their independence, but their losses had been both extensive and severe. Mainly agricultural countries, they found their whole farming industry in ruins. To quote from an Estonian statement on the occasion of the celebration of the tenth year of Independence on February 24 last :

> The Great War, German occupation, and Soviet-Russian incursion, had depleted the farmer of his stock, stripped the country of the ordinary necessities of life, machinery and metals, and disorganized all productive activities. The reduced population had lost practically all its savings and investments in Russian securities, owing to the depreciation of the rouble and the nationalization policy of the Soviets. The industries had lost not only part of their equipment, but all their capital and markets, the principal market, the Russians having ceased to count. It was, indeed, a desolate outlook, and the casual observer could not be blamed for doubting the possibility of the newly-established national Government to save the country from complete collapse.

Much the same could be said of Latvia and Lithuania. It was not the "casual observer" alone who took a gloomy

view of the situation; not a few competent observers doubted whether these small States would survive for even a short time. When I took a trip "up the Baltic" in 1921, and made a tour of all three States, I heard unfavourable opinions from men whose judgment and knowledge carried weight. The peoples themselves were in good heart and determined to succeed, but there was so much to do, so much lost ground to make up! Reconstruction and recovery, the notes of All Europe, certainly involved as heavy tasks in these little States, to say the least, as anywhere else. Then, in the background, but not far away, was the Baltic question. From a point ten miles east of the Narova (Narva) river, on the south side of the Gulf of Finland, the three States held the shore of the Baltic to Memel—hundreds of miles of this important coast. Could they hold it? How long could they do so? There was Russia pressing on the east and not forgetful, despite the peace treaties with these States, of the territory (with its fine harbours and trunk railways to Petrograd, Moscow, and Odessa) which had been lost. And on the south was Germany, whose Baltic policy had been clearly revealed during the war—a policy of domination, if not of conquest—and whose memory is quite as tenacious as that of Russia.

And what if Soviet Russia and Germany combined? Though the possibility of such an alliance was not actually excluded from European thought or speculation in the first years after the Armistice, it seemed rather remote till the Soviet-German Treaty of Rapallo of 1922. Four years later the Treaty of Berlin, which reaffirmed and extended the agreements of Rapallo, brought it measurably nearer. But in 1920–21 it looked distant enough. What was then in the minds of most of the people who gave any consideration to the New Baltic States was the weakness, the fragility of these States in themselves; it seemed as if a slight push might cause them to topple over and crash to the ground. Now, they have not crashed, though ten years have passed since they proclaimed their independence; they have survived several slight pushes, and one or two that were not slight at all, as, for example, the serious, but happily unsuccessful, attempt of the Communists at Reval on December 1, 1924, to

overthrow the Estonian Government and establish a Soviet regime. All the States have been subjected to, but have triumphantly withstood, persistent Bolshevik propaganda and a long succession of Red plots and intrigues.

In such a position it was natural that these States should collaborate in a programme for their common defence; hence the idea of a Baltic League, which should also include Finland and Poland. M. Meierovitz, Prime Minister of Latvia in 1925, and perhaps the wisest and most far-sighted statesman the Baltic has produced, strongly supported an alliance, defensive in character and certainly not aggressive, of Finland, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, and Poland, with Poland as its base; but in that year he was killed in a motor-car accident—a great loss to Latvia and the projected Baltic League, which, temporarily at least, lost ground because of his death. There were, of course, difficulties in the way of the realization of his plans. Finland, as already noted, did not favour such a League, and the Polish-Lithuanian conflict over Vilna presented a most formidable obstacle. These hindrances remain, unresolved and obstinate, yet the idea of a Baltic League grows in strength, for the States understand that their separate efforts in political and economic development cannot produce the results that would be attained by their united action.

One positive result, however, has emerged from the various attempts made to form a Baltic League. This is the alliance of Estonia and Latvia, which was constituted by a Treaty of Defence signed by them on November 1, 1923, and supplemented by a Customs Union Treaty on February 5, 1927. The latter treaty, in addition to its importance as an economic factor in Eastern Europe, aroused general interest as the first experiment towards economic unity between two independent States. But the implementing of the treaty has suffered a check owing to the conclusion of a commercial treaty by Latvia with Soviet Russia, which gives to Russian imports into Latvia special very low preferential tariffs, and so blocks the way to the carrying out of the Customs Union with Estonia. In theory

Latvia stands to gain from the large orders promised by the Soviet and from profits on railway transit; in practice so far the result has been disappointing, for few orders have been forthcoming, and, on the other hand, the Soviet has flooded the country with goods. But it must be added that this treaty was negotiated by the Socialist Government then in power in Latvia; it was signed at Moscow in the summer of last year, and ratified in the autumn by a very small majority in the Diet at Riga, while the Latvians were nearly equally divided on the subject. Since then that Government has been overthrown, and the one now in office is a coalition of the Right and Centre parties.

Needless to say, the existence of a strong Baltic League would be a most important factor in the Baltic question; but this aspect of the League has hitherto been subordinated in the public view to another—the immediate political relation of the Baltic States to Soviet Russia. As is well known, Moscow has maintained, even in the face of absolute denials by the Foreign Secretary, that Great Britain has engineered an entente, under her auspices, of these States against the Soviet, and that this is the real meaning of the Baltic League. It is well to see how in one of these States this statement is regarded. In the document quoted from in a preceding paragraph the Estonian attitude is defined thus:

> In some quarters it is said that the proposed Baltic League would set up a barrier in the west of Europe against Russia. This idea is entirely foreign and unacceptable to the Baltic States, and its realization in such a sense would only bring them into controversy with the Soviet, and so be a danger to peace in Europe generally. Moreover, Soviet Russia has at times understood the real peace aspirations of the Baltic League in co-operation with herself. For instance, in 1922 a Disarmament Conference between Russia and all the Baltic States was held in Moscow on the initiative of the Soviet Government. But from time to time when the necessity arises in her internal policy, or for propaganda purposes, the Soviet tries, naturally without result, to show to the world that the Baltic States are co-operating against her under the auspices of Great Britain. Estonia and also the other Baltic States have during the last years tried to strengthen further their relations with Russia by separate negotiations for non-aggression and arbitration treaties, but so far these have not shown any results, as Russia does not recognize neutral chairmanship and the obligations of the Baltic States towards the League of Nations.

While the Baltic States lay special emphasis on their obligations towards the League of Nations, their whole policy is based on that of this League—peace and good relations with all other States. Estonia and Latvia have gone a long way to satisfy Soviet Russia by making her as free of their ports as are their own citizens; they have given her "zones" with quays and warehouse accommodation in their harbours; and they charge lower rates on their railways for Russian through traffic than obtain on the Soviet's own lines. From the economic point of view the Soviet is quite as well off as if she owned these Baltic ports and railways. Nothing prevents or even hinders the transport of her products across the frontier to the sea and *vice versa*. These observations do not, of course, apply to Lithuania, for she has no common frontier with Russia.

In spite of all their difficulties in their first years the Baltic States have done well. This is true in particular of Estonia. Though in area and population the smallest of them, she has unquestionably made good. Her geographical position, which destines her to be a connecting link between the east and west of Europe, prescribes her foreign policy—preservation of peace, co-operation with neighbours, and development of international understanding in the spirit of the League of Nations. With Finland, akin in origin and language, she has very friendly economic and cultural relations, and the same is true of her relations with the Scandinavian countries. In character the Estonians are Northerners, and therefore they sympathize with other Northerners. From the outset Estonia's relations with Poland have been friendly, as she knows that the establishment of peace in Eastern Europe without Polish co-operation is unthinkable, and she would heartily welcome a settlement of the Lithuanian-Polish controversy. In her inner political development Estonia has made greater progress than any of the other Baltic States, as is proved by the composition of her Diet, in containing only six large parties, while Latvia has more than thirty. In population Estonia is extraordinarily homogeneous, 88 per cent. being of Estonian blood. The Minorities, composed of Russians, Germans, and Swedes mainly, have been given

full cultural autonomy by law, the statute in question being regarded as an ideal for corresponding legislation in other lands.

Within the short period of a decade Estonia has succeeded in building up a sound and stable economic system. Originally established to serve the Russian market, her industries after the war had to adapt themselves to Western European demands, for Russia was no longer a good customer. In 1927 Estonian exports to Soviet Russia were no more than 6 per cent. of the whole. But Estonia has found other markets for her products, especially from her farms. Agriculture has made a great advance. In place of the less remunerative cereal growing, dairying has become the mainstay of her rural life, intensive co-operation among the small farmers has developed, and the State by suitable financial measures has assisted in creating a highly progressive modern organization like that of Denmark. Great Britain, taking about one-third, is the chief buyer of Estonian produce, and as a seller of goods to Estonia holds second place, Germany coming first. Apart from her agriculture, her other industries—timber, plywood, furniture, textiles, paper, leather, and cement—are fairly prosperous, but would do better with more capital.

The general prosperity of the country is reflected in the financial position of the State—budgetary equilibrium and a gold exchange currency, covered by as much as 68 per cent. of gold. As it is, Estonia now enjoys a considerable influx of foreign funds and international help in finance. She was the first of the Baltic States to realize a Government loan in London under the Trade Facilities Act in 1925, and to issue successfully an International loan in 1927 under the auspices of the League of Nations. Estonia prides herself on the fact that her first foreign loan is quoted in London at a higher rate than are most similar post-war issues. If in her first years—the years of terrible struggle and consequent leanness—her attitude towards the rest of the world was one of apology, she now holds up her head among the nations. In conclusion, it may justly be said that the success of Estonia and the other States concerned is a most vital feature of the Baltic question.

Fascism and the Monarchy

By Lieut. G. A. Martelli, R.N.

THE Fascist emblem is in future to be stamped alongside the Royal Arms on all official stationery. This is a recent order given by Mussolini. As permission is granted for the existing stocks to be used up, there will be a short respite before monarchy finally yields its exclusive right to symbolize the State. Thereafter it will share the honour with Fascism, and illusion, instead of posing for reality, will sit beside it on the plane of equality.

Here, surely, is something new in political systems. The democracy of Greek city states, the absolutism of the Renaissance princes, our own constitutional monarchy, the despotism of Russian Communists, all of these we can understand as rational expedients. But the attempt —if it really is such—to combine the two most diametrically opposed in the semblance of a dualism between dictator and hereditary sovereign, with its parcelling out of majesty in equal shares to the Chigi Palace and the Quirinal, is quite an original experiment. It is so original, in fact, that one has doubts whether it is honestly intended as an experiment, and not simply as a half-way house; a temporary measure while the country, which can be made to swallow a lot in driblets but will hardly retain a meal which it is asked to gulp at a mouthful, is being educated to accept the logical sequel. For the present relation of the King to the Government is a compromise, and no compromise can have any permanence. It is like a stepping-stone which threatens to subside beneath the waters when you stand on it too long. It becomes necessary either to turn back or go forward. Mussolini has abolished the Constitution. What, then, becomes of the constitutional monarch? The function of Parliament is reduced to a farce. To whom, then, are the actions of the sovereign answerable?

It is only a question of time before the anomaly of the present position is as obvious to the whole nation as it is now to the thinking minority. Before that moment arrives the decision will have to be made either to rehabilitate the monarchy or complete the process of dispensing with it entirely. But the first is impossible without restoring at least some measure of constitutional government. Now, if there is one lesson which history makes absolutely clear, it is that no dictator can afford

to make retrogressive concessions. The only way to maintain a power which has been created by force is to make it absolute. The voice of opposition is silenced by annihilation alone. The gradual return to normality, which was so much talked of in the beginning, but is hardly ever mentioned now, is an idealistic myth. From revolution there is no return to the *status quo* except by revolution.

Since there is no standing still and no drawing back, the eventual abolishment of the monarchy remains the only alternative, and we have to consider what are its practical chances of success.

The fate of kings depends much more on their own personality than on theoretical arguments. Since the revolution, the effect of Fascist policy, whether by accident or design, has been to thrust the figure of the unfortunate Victor Emmanuel farther and farther into the background, until it is in danger of being lost sight of altogether. His own pride and the dramatic instinct of Mussolini made it undesirable that the two should ever be present at the same time and place; so that in proportion as the latter's prestige grows, that of the King diminishes. For reasons which are officially given out as economy the usual functions of royalty and the ceremonies of the Court are reduced to a minimum. By this means the habit of regarding royalty as something, if not absolutely necessary, yet worth preserving as a picturesque spectacle, quickly falls into disuse and the way is prepared for doing without it. The movements of the Royal Family are recorded in the papers with all due respect, but it is obvious that care is taken not to give them prominence. They might be distinguished foreigners received as guests of the nation.

In spite of this partial effacement, however, the King is by no means forgotten. On the rare occasions when he appears in public the spontaneous enthusiasm of his reception proves the affection which is still felt for him. It is of a different kind from the extravagant ebullitions of joy which greet the Duce. These are mainly the creation of a small, noisy, and well-organized minority. The crowd which assembles to cheer King Victor Emmanuel is there not because it has been coaxed, exhorted, or commanded, nor out of mere curiosity, but because it wants to express a genuine sentiment.

To estimate the real worth of this feeling in a practical issue, if one ever came about, one has to probe below the surface. With a certain class of the better-educated Italians—small in number, but not negligible in influence—the present King stands for much which in the "co-operative" State tends to be submerged by the rising tide of materialism. As savant and littérateur, he enjoys a reputation in the world of art and science which is more than formal. He thus would have a considerable backing among intellectual people, whatever that is worth in politics. The Army and Navy, it is safe to say, who have never accepted Fascism except as a lesser evil than anarchy, would give much to see the prestige of the Court restored. The same may be said of the aristocracy, both the legitimate and the "disinherited," whose claims to nobility have been disallowed in the recent pruning out of titles and who cherish in consequence a particular grudge against Mussolini, not to mention a secret hope of regaining the titles in the event of his discomfiture. Then there is Piemonte, the home of the House of Savoy, where loyalty to the sovereign, being so deeply rooted in tradition, is more general, and the spirit of independence towards Fascist autocracy, by reason of its remoteness from Rome, more pronounced than in any other part of Italy; two circumstances which combine to make it the most solid support of the throne.

Of the Church it is more difficult to speak. Nothing will ever heal the schism which opened when the Pope retired within the Vatican. All the same, it is unlikely that the Church would allow itself to be embarrassed by its traditional attitude of hostility, if it thought that by upholding the monarchy it might be freed from the restrictions imposed on its influence by Fascism. For, although we have heard much of the necessity of religion in the Fascist State, a very strict control is exercised on the activities of the priests.

All these sections of the community, however, even in the aggregate, are numerically inferior to what is the real backbone of the country—the peasants and the industrial workers. Of all classes it is most difficult to generalize about the peasant, because he is the least affected by theoretical principles. His outlook is entirely practical. Apart from religious superstition he has no faith but in the fruitfulness of the earth he tills; no

ideals but those which are represented by the stocking in which week by week he accumulates his little hoard of savings. His vote is for whoever holds out at any moment the best prospect of increasing the contents of the stocking. Otherwise he only asks to be let alone. He would probably be vaguely opposed to any change which sounded so radical as that of doing away with the monarchy.

The mentality of the industrial workers is exactly the opposite. As the post-war generation, they care least about tradition and are most prone to accept violent change. They are also the class to whom Fascism means the most. It offers them in a different form the same materialistic creed as Communism. Industrialism, as represented by the syndicates, is completely identified with the "co-operative" State. The loyalty of the proletariat to the regime, in an issue with the monarchy, may therefore be assumed. It is upon their support that Mussolini must chiefly depend in a crisis. When he thinks he is strong enough to override the other elements of Italy, he will doubtless put an end to what is at present the most singular political paradox in Europe.

An interesting comparison with this situation is provided by the Spanish directory. Spain, like Italy, has proved herself incapable of Parliamentary government. As in Italy, the choice lay between liberty with anarchy and despotism with order. It is perhaps the climatic indolence of Mediterranean peoples which explains why the two principal Latin races were prepared to pay any price rather than have the trouble of governing themselves.

Spain, however, provides a striking contrast in the position of the monarchy. King Alfonso is a shining example of the influence which the personality of an hereditary sovereign can still exert. Had he lived in the Renaissance, he would have been one of the most enlightened autocrats of his age. Today he is very much more than a figurehead, and the Marquis D'Estella very much less—though no less useful—than a Mussolini. Moreover, the feeling among the people that though they have lost the Constitution (which they never cared much about), they have still got the most kingly King in Europe, gives the regime a fundamental solidity which is dangerously lacking in Italy.

The Future of East Africa

By Frank Melland

In his article, "East Africa at the Crossroads," in the February English Review, Mr. G. H. Lepper makes certain statements which appear to be adding complexity to a complex problem, and others which are not strictly accurate (at least, so it seems to the present writer); and in view of the important issues before the Hilton-Young Commission, the people of East Africa and the British nation, these statements need probing. Any light that can be thrown upon the subject must be of value, since, as Mr. Lepper says, "for East Africa 1928 is likely to prove a critical year," and "upon the conclusions of the Commission the lines of future development will probably depend."

Mr. Lepper's first faulty premise seems to lie in his assertion that if the territories concerned coalesce, "we should, in the course of a few generations, be faced with a situation . . . that might give rise to awkward questions between the British Government as administrator of a number of isolated native States . . . and the autonomous white States . . . surrounding or bordering on native territories." It is difficult to follow the logic of this argument. If there be no federation or closer union, the co-existence of white States and native States will still obtain. Under federation they would be under a Governor-General or High Commissioner, but that hardly affects the issue. In South Africa today the Governor-General is High Commissioner for the native protectorates, and the situation does not give rise to awkward questions. These native territories, we are informed, "would become centres for native agitation and Alsatias for criminals fleeing from justice in the self-governing States." Why? Centres for native agitation have hitherto been, rather, in European localities (at Nairobi, as in Johannesburg), and not in native States such as Buganda, Barotseland, or Basutoland; and as regards "Alsatias," the law would be as effective in native States as elsewhere, and the native States would also have their good name and privileges at stake.

"The pious aspirations of White papers on British policy in East Africa," we next read, "were once dominant in this country regarding the position of the natives in South Africa, but they were compelled to retreat before the attitude of the white men on the spot as they grew in numbers and in political power. So it will be in East and Central Africa." The present position in South Africa certainly arose in the way stated; but it arose *before the Union*, and the result today is one deplored by statesmen of every party in the Union. The difficulties of the present Native Administration Bill seem almost insuperable in the Union, where things are not so much in a cul-de-sac as at forked roads the end or direction of neither of which is visible. Does Mr. Lepper seriously advocate our wilfully following in the footsteps of South African errors? Probably every other student of the subject thinks we should at least profit by the history of the South and try to avoid making similar mistakes in East Central Africa as a region in which the results would be still more disastrous, since the proportions of black to white are infinitely greater and climatic conditions less suitable to permanent white residence. To condemn federation and make permanent the present system would be the first step towards such disaster: to create a strong Central Government the best way to avert that catastrophe and evolve a saner, safer line of progress.

The British Government today is "strong enough to withstand such pressure," wherein lies, it is to be hoped, one of the reasons for appointing the Hilton-Young Commission. Surely it is not true, as we are sometimes told, that we can never learn? The Dual policy must be made a reality in East Africa, and the way seems to be *via* Federation and a Central Government, while each constituent part, black and white, proceeds surely but without undue haste towards varied degrees of autonomy. This appears to the writer the greatest reason of all for some kind of federation and in no way an objection to it.

The next "almost insuperable" objection raised is "distances and lack of efficient intercommunication." These are lessening rapidly, and nothing will accelerate their diminution so much as federation.

It is to be doubted if "the distinct signs (in Nyasaland) that the white element is turning its eyes to the south

rather than to the north" are real. It seems from the latest information to be the other way.

Next come the difficulties as regards the "Congo Basin Treaties," the Convention of St. Germain en Laye, and the Mandate for Tanganyika Territory. These are admittedly real, but not insuperable. As Mr. Lepper rightly remarks, the Convention of St. Germain en Laye is due for revision next year; and it probably *will* be revised; but in any case why should it cause so much difficulty in the event of federation, considering that (as he acknowledges) at present part of one territory (Northern Rhodesia) is actually subject to the Convention and the other part is not? Granted that this is not an ideal state of affairs, it cannot be called a vital matter. The question of the mandate is more serious, but no one who considers the geographical and topographical position would fear much smuggling. The extra cost of transport by a roundabout route would make it unremunerative—at any rate except for certain articles by rail, and railway customs posts would not present a serious difficulty.

When Mr. Lepper comes to finance and the East African Loan Act, his arguments are singularly inconclusive as an opposition to federation, though pertinent enough historically. It stands to reason that a federal Government having consideration for and control of the whole of East Africa would be in a far better position to obtain financial help for general purposes—such as the Dodoma-Fife Railway—than individual sections, and this would apply to both the Treasury and the city. A single twig is not of much effect, but many twigs make a fine broom or a rod that can be felt. The Federated States of East Africa would carry far more weight than any single State, with its demands often not correlated to those of its neighbours.

Again, why should "the constitutional status of Southern Rhodesia as a self-governing colony" be "a serious impediment to any such unity"? The leading Kenya settlers advocate federation (on certain terms), and *they* hope to obtain self-government before long. There is no obstacle to the inclusion of self-governing States, colonies, protectorates, and native kingdoms in a federation; there may be difficulties in detail, yes; but obstacles to the achievement, no.

Everyone connected with East Africa must share Mr. Lepper's objection to the ignorant abuse to which it and its settlers are at times subjected; but the present regime shows no sign of producing any abatement; in fact, it seems to be a regime on which such abuse thrives. This is probably because the present systems of governance no longer meet the exigencies of the case, and there is no defined policy, and no continuity. Some change must be evolved, and federation or closer union is being considered as a possibility. On these grounds it needs serious consideration and argument, which is not the same as irrelevant criticism that helps no more than does the prominence so often given to purely parochial and often ephemeral disadvantages of federation. Everyone must give up some minor points (though no one need give up any rights) to help achieve and share in the better and safer progress of the whole.

One final criticism. We read that "Southern Rhodesia . . . would view with disfavour the attachment of Northern Rhodesia to an East African federation." She might, but she realizes that she could not prevent it. It is not her concern; at least only to the extent that it was the concern of the Union of South Africa to view with disfavour the granting of Southern Rhodesia's own self-governing constitution, and if federation comes to pass, she need not remain "a small isolated buffer State" unless she wants to do so.

There are many arguments against federation, but it does not seem that Mr. Lepper has produced any that carry conviction. On the other hand, the advantages to be gained by it—such as the prevention of Tanganyika passing from the British orbit, the security of the Dual policy, the achievement of continuity of policy, economy, efficiency, assistance in research, finance, defence, etc.—are very real, and should outweigh local disadvantages in the minds of all who have the best interests of all East Africa at heart, and who think of the future rather than of the immediate present.

At least all can join in good wishes for the Commission; for it is certainly time that the air was cleared, and the whole question considered on broad lines shorn of irrelevancies and fireworks which have hitherto been somewhat predominant.

Young Germany and the New Youth Movement

By René Juta

In Forster's book on Germany, published in 1925, he says: "The Youth Movement is the snowdrop of the hard German winter snow. It announces the German spring. It is a real consolation for every German who was ready to doubt whether the German soul would ever escape from the enchantment in which its pursuit of power seemed to have inextricably involved it. The 'Jugendbewegung' is a moral rejuvenescence of the German people, the return of the German soul to its best traditions."

As far back as 1896, one Karl Fischer, in a suburb of Berlin, founded a "Wandervogel" for young men with a council of parents to advise and direct. The young men (later girls joined the band) escaped from the cities over the week-end into the country, made acquaintance with the peasants, and learned their songs and dances.

Gradually this form of recreation developed into a philosophy of life, and growing, it set its force against materialism, commercialism, mechanism, artificiality, with all the power and sentimentality of the Anglo-Saxon soul. Interrupted by the war (inevitable materialization of a spirit existing prior to the new movement), the "Jung" Movement seemed only strengthened through the hardships of the following years; the revolution found a nation of young men salted to reactionary vision. And the German Revolution became a model for civilized revolution. It found also a nation burdened by debt and denied pleasures of luxury, or even those of comfort. All classes had been imbued with the Youth Movement and its ideals. Naturally its strength gathered and divided up into groups, tinged or untinged politically. The two flags, the degrees of nationalism, the desire for State separation, etc., became questions of interest, but not of disintegration.

Dr. G. P. Gooch, in his book, "Germany," published in 1925, in a chapter devoted to education, immediately after the revolution, mentions not only that it was

difficult to supply any form of heating in the schools, but that the children were underfed, stunted, and tubercular.

This probably *was* the case, but how wonderful youth must be; how pardoning! For yesterday I passed through Germany and looked in vain for these children. Indeed, everywhere we were struck by the herds of astounding virile, beautiful-looking children and young people. Possibly the younger children were most noticeable; not only were their frames well-built and nourished, but their carriage and the general physical and moral impression given was one of strength and independence. Everywhere one met them, on what I first took to be returns from country rambles, their hands filled with heather and ferns, hatless, golden-haired, honest-eyed children with stout legs. Always in bands. I hardly saw an isolated child—so well sustained is this old "pack" system, this preservation system.

One night, as I sat eating caviare and drinking liebfraumilch in an open-air restaurant in Munich, I watched a curious flat-heeled procession, knapsacks on back, hands sentimentally linked (those not carrying flowers), male and female, real Mädchen and Hans, returning from a country trip.

"Do you know," murmured my waiter, who looked like the oldest eunuch in Asia, slowly icing my glass with exquisite precision, "do you know there are now 90,000 of *them*?" Ninety thousand young people from towns, wandering into the countryside every week-end! Dr. Gooch and even Herr Spengler, author of the "Decline of the West," had both told me something of this truly Germanic endeavour. Is it direct Nature—result of the war, or a branch of our own English ideal of "keeping fit," combined with a lack of means and the Germanic "pack" ideal?

No race in Europe loves the open country as the Germans do; no other race can sit so classically *en famille* in the town-garden or under the only civic tree.

The Jugendbewegung* responsible for these knapsacked wanderers came into being at the end of the last century, limiting its wandering members to those whose

* *Jugend* means "youth," and *Bewegung* "movement."

incomes enabled them to pay for a bed in an inn. The originator of the idea, Robert Schumann, was a teacher in a rural school twenty years ago. He was transferred to a town, but his love of Nature and open spaces held him, and all Sunday he tramped; all Monday he told his class of these joys. Then the class tramped with him, and soon they tramped all through the long vacation; and again and again. The peasants and farmers lent them barns to sleep in, and in return for small jobs, gladly gave them coffee and allowed them to cook their own food on the kitchen fires.

This example fired the whole of Germany; a Germany eating potatoes, mostly, with financial ruin apparently upon it, young Germany working at manual labour to enable the young men to pursue their studies, found, in Schumann's idea, relaxation cheap and health-giving. Thousands of young men and maidens sallied out every week-end.

Transferred again to a rural school, Schumann, now in Alterna in Westphalia, started and equipped the first inn; this was a primitive building, with sacks of straw to serve as mattresses. Later these primitive conditions were changed and the inns held camp-beds instead. Later they were supplied with spring mattresses.

There are 2,500 such inns in Germany today, and last year two million young people found shelter during their walking tours. Associations were formed to assist, and some towns taxed their ratepayers to help the *Herbergen*.* Now, at the end of a day's tramp of twelve miles, one of these inns is to be found.

Philosophic Germany has encouraged a socialistic atmosphere in the *Herbergen*, all classes being admitted for the sum of twenty pfennige a night. Foreigners are also admitted, and adults, if they belong to the head association. Every inn contains separate accommodation for girls and boys, a large room for gatherings, a library, a simple kitchen, and a bath. Every inn is in charge of some suitable person called the "Father" of the inn. No drinking or smoking is allowed.

This tramping ideal has stirred the hearts of the younger generation, and, chaperoned by school teachers,

* An old word for "inn"; English, "harbour, harbourage."

I met in every part of the land herds of small girls and boys exploring the country, whether it was in Bavarian wooded highlands on foot, or on the omnipresent bicycle (all Bavarians, old and young, ride bicycles), or in the tall woods round the Roman camp above Homburg, or along the narrow road that follows the level of the Rhine in its wanderings, or on the flat plains near Berlin, where smoky factory chimneys signal industry for miles around; here and there and afar and farther, are these bands of German "Jung."

If through hardship great men are raised and bred, then through hardship a hardy, strong, thinking race may be engendered, salted with a Socialism, sentimental and sane enough to withstand or leaven the onslaught which will one day flood the sluice gates of Eastern Europe. Spengler calls it Russianism. Something must stem this rising tide. Deep to deep or in proper channels.

At the German universities today, most young men of the upper and middle classes are conducting their education on ten pounds a month, accepting manual or other labour to swell the small sum. A cheap holiday becomes a necessity.

In writing of young Germany that bears no scars, but seems only to have profited by hardship, I cannot and must not forget the faces of the women of forty to sixty years of age, the mothers of Germany. Without any distinction of class these women show every sign of strain, denial, and resignation. I could notice no equivalent in the men.

"How sad," said a tall aristocrat, while we discussed the future of the race, in the midst of a great crowd; "how sad that there can be no more real breeding any more—look at the people who are responsible for the future generations!" He was tall and well-made, and his family and his lands had not been parted since the eleventh century. This was in the "Siegfried" country, where heroes were legends come true, and men were mighty and very strong. "It is now the turn of the dwarfs," he said, "the people who live underground." I fancy he felt like the last of the heroes.

Perhaps this bitterness of physical loss is really the starting point for the wave of physical culture and fitness

pervading Germany today. It is also in unbroken sequence of Teutonic sentiment that the gentler feeling of sex should be introduced, and that the new practical Socialism of modern Germany, fostered by a universal national suffering, should join these earnest young bands of trampers—the "Jugengebund."

A Catholic "Jugend" journal (the Catholic branches are the largest) writes: "The new Germany must be made by the young; the old cannot make it."

Like angels with flaming swords, or prophets of warning, Keyserling and Spengler, the philosophers, throw out German rockets from the conflagration of the declining old Western world. Spengler, in the midst of prediction and conclusions, makes an appeal to the German youth: "I appeal to the young. Become men. Socialism means *Macht, Macht, Macht* . . . both linked by a common sentiment of duty, and the consciousness of a great task."

Here I seem to remember the early themes and poems of an oratory which heralded the birth of Fascism in Italy: the Giovannezza period when what Spengler calls "Russianism" knocked at those doors, and young Italy was called upon classically by D'Annunzio to make itself strong. Then Fascism still flew flags, innocent of anything but enthusiastic youth.

It requires an Anglo-Saxon mentality to withstand the strong wine of youth, the deep strain of flaunting, vaunting Roman, Liberian, and Greek blood. It requires long, snow-girt idylls of Siegfried and his magic sword, of undaunted strength, of magic swans of purity, of virginal maidens, of deep sentiment of classic love and hate, crowned always by death; the expiation of the incredible depths of a childish spirit that can include in its litany a belief in the mystery and the interpretation of all things living. "If your bird sings, follow its note—to the utmost solitude or the darkest fate."

It is only the Northern mysticism that can save a nation, ruled by youth, from the strong intoxication of power, and keep it fresh and ready for heroic deeds that are traditional and not of personal glory.

Only a nation inoculated against the excesses of revolution will be able to withstand when the Time comes.

The Undisciplined Phrase

By Antonio de Navarro

THE present disregard for punctuation is an anomaly which seems to defy explanation. That it has been adopted by writers of high repute, is a matter for wonder and regret. Obvious it is that embarrassed by limited space and rapid printing, the public Press is obliged to ignore punctuation. But with the man of letters, it is a different question. The leisure of his study provokes the experimental sketch, auspicious hours the finished work with all its sensitive detail. Can it be that a national temperament, which shrinks from self-revelation, is the open-door through which the unpunctuated phrase has found ready entrance? I do not think so. Change is, in essence, a derangement; custom reveals the enduring character of a nation. The present reduction *ad infinitum* of punctuation is not an inheritance, but a product of our own time; a fashion, not a tradition. If in early days there did exist a restiveness against the bondage of punctuation (and every evolution has its premonitory manifestations), it is safe to believe that a racial dislike of change, and a convention which literary men regarded as law, held in check the more adventurous minds. But with the usury of time and a waning of traditional authority, came a disregard for convention which broke with early custom, repudiated as obsolete what had defied the infidelities of progress. An insurrection domestic of origin, in no way associated with the mechanism of foreign literary expression. An evolution provoked by a feverish pace of life which had a losing commerce with restraint, and no respect for traditional continuity. The leisurely days had come to an end; and in the turmoil of our own time, punctuation, the "stewards" of ordered expression are losing their office and existence. The adoption of "the pace that kills" sounded a decline in literary refinement: no occasion for delicacies, when no leisure for their relish. A new spirit abroad, a new school of writers:

converts to modern ideas, or servants of a deteriorated public taste. One has, obviously, not in view those who, despite the standardization of literary mediocrity, have maintained their distinction of mind and idiom (guardians of literary sanctuaries), but the lawless element in revolt against traditional culture, and responsible for the ill-ordered phrase. And yet! Here are we outpacing the angels, for what of Pater, Meredith, and other masters of *nuance*, working on the broad canvas of constructive psychology, ignoring the authority and resources of punctuation! The obvious answer can only be that those distinguished giants were a law unto themselves—a light from within obscuring exterior circumstance. A law unto themselves, but paying the penalty of assumed independence. For had they regarded punctuation as an aid to both writer and reader, the latter would have been spared laborious concentration, the writer dubious understanding. Indeed, the reader has a right to helpful punctuation; and in the measure that the writer's idiom differs from conventional speech. If convention—which is public agreement—be ignored by unconventional minds, it is obviously their duty to make use of expedients that will make clear unusual utterance.

"Le style, c'est l'homme," declares Buffon—an affirmation which postulates for each writer a personal idiom. If this be true—and there is seemingly no contradiction, then have we a literary Babel, with punctuation alone to reduce idiosyncrasies to common understanding. For, to the legitimate variations of temperament must be added the artificial utterance of the affected, the elaborate obscurity of the complacent, the ungoverned idiom of the revolutionary. All differing from each other, the writer more absorbed by self and subject, than considerate of the reader's clear understanding. It is not contended that lavish punctuation is necessary (except for the ordering of disordered thought). On the contrary, a properly modelled phrase needs little direction. It is the undisciplined mind that speaks in awkward idiom. Well-ordered thought expresses itself in language of easy comprehension. After all, the province of literature is to inform, not to obscure; and this applies to insufficient punctuation, as it does to ill-mannered style; in fact, to

all that mystifies the reader, whose co-operation is indispensable for successful literary work. The success of all artistic, spiritual, or scientific effort depends upon the degree of its comprehension. What confuses the reader, defeats the writer. Eliminate what is superfluous, compress in order to crystallize, but leave what will ensure ready understanding. The French art of *demi-dire* is a subtle form of compression: effect produced not so much by what is said, as by what is left unsaid—apportioned to the reader. Provocative economy! But if the French man of letters denies himself the resources of elaborate detail, he has recourse to such punctuation as will safeguard subtleties of thought and expression. And this is as it should be. Punctuation is the gesture of language; and the omission of a comma even may change the meaning of a phrase, obscure its context, warp its melody, invalidate *nuance*. It is more personal even than subject-matter; for at no moment is the reader in closer contact with the writer than in the intimacies of punctuation. Why, then, ignore so distinguished a mark of favour, so helpful a means of understanding? Staccato sentences: passages at arms. The dash—a shrug of shoulders. Commas: the escort of ordered speech. Parentheses: (the abode of confidences). The galloping phrase, stripped for action! Retarding dots . . . the appetizing delay of a *bonne-bouche*. How could these subtleties be made manifest without corresponding refinements of punctuation? And if such devices be necessary for even clear writing, how imperative for the elucidation of involved syntax! Far from books, I can recall Mallarmé's parenthetical, if not contrapuntal mentality; his complex prose an impenetrable night but for the chiaroscuro of auspicious punctuation.

Perhaps the most abused member of the "picket family" is the deliberate semicolon, now superseded by the infrequent comma. First decapitated, then dispossessed of its leisurely dignity, it is asked to accelerate a traditional pace, assume a counterfeit function of which it has no experience. The other members, if not dismissed from office, are reduced to isolated numbers. And so, the unharnessed phrase is stripped of subtlety, rhythm, ordered anatomy, and becomes an uncorseted ambiguity.

THE UNDISCIPLINED PHRASE

The first reading (aloud) of any literary composition is the supreme test of its lucidity and sufficiency of punctuation. If the idiom be unusual, reading ahead of the word is not possible, as with diction familiar to eye and ear. A diminution of pace must be the first expedient; but a ready understanding (and reading) of an unaccustomed form of expression will largely depend upon idiomatic punctuation—sparks in the night of unfamiliar exploration.

It is said that few actors today are capable of reading blank verse; and the reason advanced is that modern plays are devoid of such opportunity. If modern plays have no affinity with blank verse, it is for the obvious reason that modern thought can best be expressed in colloquial language. If it be true that modern actors are not adept at reading blank verse, would it be wide of the mark to suggest that one of the causes may be a failure to understand the value of the pause? Aristotle declares that there is a mean necessary for accurate attainment. Macready probably erred in the duration of his pause, which, from its length, might today be considered a "half-holiday"; but Coquelin, Got, Guitry, Bernhardt, Yvette Guilbert, and many others, gathered imperishable laurels for the French stage by an unquestioned submission to the laws of dramatic speech—pre-eminent among them, punctuation, the vade-mecum of all true artists.

The ear is the sentinel of the eye; and the silent reader must mentally hear himself read, to catch "the lights and the half-lights" of literary thought—subtleties made clear by articulate punctuation. Byron's declaration that half the poem lies with the reader is in agreement with the French axiom to the same effect.

Painting, sculpture, music, architecture—what would become of their expressional function if deprived of line, rhythm, contrast, colour, all governing elements of plastic, graphic art, and corresponding with the modelling and punctuation of the literary phrase?

In his "Pensées," Joubert says, "Où il n'y a pas de délicatesse, il n'y a pas de littérature." One searches in vain for the niceties of literature in runaway sentences brought to bay only by the compulsion of a full-stop.

If language (and its accoutrement) be the mirror of a nation's mentality, the repudiation of any important element of that vehicle of expression is obviously a manifestation of national indifference. It is a regrettable fact that the French care more for their language than we do for ours, and guard its integrity with corresponding vigilance. In the literature of song, they are *diseurs* before *chanteurs*. We sing the tune and forget the words, or pronounce them unintelligibly. Lyrics which inspired the melody, ignored by the singer!

If in the language of music punctuation be a necessity for interpretative guidance—the first reading more experimental than final, how indispensable to a literary composition a clear understanding which should be harvested at sight.

The undisciplined phrase, its origin and despotic nature, has roused, it would seem, but a thread of contention; yet from it hangs a weight of literary apprehension. Today a loosening of traditional anchorage; tomorrow in a sea of unchartered disorder. For no influence is more rapid than disrespect, none more wantonly destructive. What is jettisoned today, is irrecoverable tomorrow.

The language which sufficed the requirements of Shakespeare, Milton, Addison, De Quincey, is as resourceful today as it was during the years they made golden use of it. Its ritual remains the same. Circumstance has evolved, and will continue to supply new terms for new developments, verbal outfit for expanding culture. But the integrity of a language will always be at the mercy of undistinguished minds.

The Welcome Dawn

By W. Gilhespy

THE heavy, sullen clouds sank lower. Night, immense and threatening, settled down on the jungle, where an aged tigress roamed disconsolately. Alone, of all the beasts that dwelt there, she had left her lair, for consuming rage would not let her rest. Her puny, ill-nourished cubs had perished when her supply of milk failed, and now her misery filled her with a burning desire for relentless slaughter.

She could find nothing on which to vent her wrath, the jungle seemed deserted. For the night was haunted by some vague, undefinable terror, a sullen stillness reigned, the darkness was intense. Usually the Indian night is alive with sound, and myriads of insects are vocal from twilight till dawn. Sharp cries of rage, fear or agony tell their own grim tale, while stealthy movements, mysterious rustlings and furtive whisperings never cease.

But this night had brought only a sense of lurking horror; not a sound was heard, there was not even a breath of air—such a stillness as comes only before the monsoon rains lay heavy on the land. The heat grew more oppressive, the silence more intense, still the weary earth panted for relief, longing for the thunder roll that would break the tension and herald the welcome rain.

The beasts of prey cowered in their lairs, the timid creatures tried to hide from the fear that was upon them, a fear that had been increased by a slight seismic disturbance. Usually each goes about the business of life in his own way, guided by scent, sight or sound. The hunters rely on these to enable them to locate their prey, on their speed and strength to capture and kill. The hunted use similar powers to avoid surprise—and swift death. In that sultry gloom these powers failed them. They were as helpless as though they had suddenly become blind and deaf, and the vague terror that unusual conditions bring to the jungle folk was upon them.

The fear that held the other beasts in thrall only increased the lust for slaughter that had driven the tigress from her den, for even the palpitating horror of the night was as nothing to her crushing woe. She roamed through the jungle in restless fury, returned to her lair and lay down beside her dead. Again she tried to raise them, licked the lifeless little forms and drew them closer to her, as though for warmth. She crossed the cave, turning as she went, vainly coaxing them to follow. Then she carried them farther from the entrance, fondled them again and whined pitifully when her caresses met with no response.

Her grief revived her rage, and she bounded from the cave in search of something—*anything*, that she might rend and slay. With head erect she winnowed the sultry air for any message it might hold, when, for the first time, the utter absence of sight or sound or scent was forced upon her grief-benumbed senses.

Her misery impelled her to action, filled her with the desire to voice her agony of bereavement in a roar that would strike terror into the other beasts, even while her lust to kill urged her to silence and caution. In that enveloping gloom she might have walked boldly across the open spaces without being seen, yet instinct and habit sent her skulking from cover to cover. Slowly, silently she went on her way, her great pads pressing so softly on fallen leaves and twigs that not a sound was heard.

She worked her way through the dense scrub with fiendish patience. The hair on her elbow brushed a cobra that lay in limp coils at the foot of a tree, but the terror of the night was upon even that venomous brute and he lay motionless. She crawled along a ravine, silently as a shadow, passing close to a panther that crouched in sullen fear under an overhanging rock. He neither saw nor heard her, but her fetid breath assailed his nostrils; some subtle instinct warned him of her grim errand and the snarl that rose to his throat got no farther.

She crossed a stony ridge, stole down the farther side and entered the low-lying belt of land that borders the swamp. This was no part of her usual hunting-ground,

but the whole of the jungle was her hunting-ground that night.

Here her search was rewarded. As she leapt a dry water-course she almost alighted on a hog deer that crouched among the sedges. He sprang up and hurried away; fear lent him speed but hers was greater. She shook and rent him, wallowing in ruthless slaughter, and her savage roar echoed through the rocky ravines.

Her rule of silence once broken, she roared again and again. Her mate, skulking in his own lair, awed by the terror of that age-long night, felt the grip of an unaccustomed fear as he heard that deep-throated, exultant roar. The hunting call and the mating call he knew, every note that speaks of fear or anger, of challenge or defiance—even of yearning or bereavement he knew—but never had he heard such an expression of insensate fury.

The riotous echoes had broken the spell of the night, and now the sullen awe of the flesh-eaters turned to hot rage against their own fear—fear of the striped killer, fear of the night's dread thrall, fear of all that they could not understand. The revulsion filled them, too, with the lust to kill and kill, while the paralysing fear of the weaker folk turned to sheer panic. A cheetul stag bounded from his refuge, heard something crash through the undergrowth and leapt into a dense thicket, where the thorns held him captive. A sow, mad with rage and grief because some of her piglings had been killed by a cheetah, charged headlong through the jungle, turning fiercely towards any sound she heard. She trod on a cobra, and he raised his head and struck, breaking a poison fang against a tree in the darkness. Again and again he struck in his pain and rage until he could strike no more.

A young buffalo charged a herd of deer and they scattered blindly through the clinging dark. A panther dropped from a tree among a sounder of pig and they fled. One of them rushed against a tree trunk and rebounded from the shock, others, unable to see him, struck him as he fell. A wild boar will fight instinctively, even when dying, and soon the clash of tusk on tusk rang through the forest. Each ripped and slashed in blind rage till the

tigress, guided by the sound, leapt in and ended the fight.

Again she roared her delight, then from every quarter of the jungle she was answered. Roars of defiance mingled with cries of rage and pain and terror in hideous discord.

There followed another slight earthquake tremor, such as are common enough in the Himalayas and the jungles at their feet, and once more there was silence. The oscillation was so slight that no human being could have felt it, but to the beasts it brought fresh terror and they slunk away. Even the tigress was awed and returned to her den.

Again she caressed the meagre little bodies that lay there, licked them all over and nosed them towards her teats. She whined pitifully when her caresses were disregarded, and, utterly weary and dejected, lay down to rest beside her dead offspring. For only a few minutes she lay panting in the sultry heat, then, after another attempt to rouse her cubs, her restless grief sent her abroad.

Slowly and listlessly, as though sorrow had sapped her strength and dulled her anger, she padded wearily through the jungle. Her wanderings brought her near her mate's lair in the ravine, and her instinctive cunning sent her crawling stealthily over the ridge, so as to pounce on him from above.

He was prepared. When madness overtakes one of the jungle folks, every other beast in the jungle knows it. The tiger who lords it there and the buffalo, that dauntless ruffian of the swamps, flee in terror from a mad jackal, and even the wild dog pack slinks to cover.

The tigress was not mad, as the term is generally understood, but her insane desire to kill and keep on killing needlessly was known to all the denizens of the jungle, and filled them with bewilderment and terror. Her lord was younger and stronger than she, but he would have faced the elephant herd or defied the wild dogs as willingly as he would have met her then. Her fury was beyond his comprehension, and before the incomprehensible the courage of the wild beast fails. So, some strange sense warning him of her approach,

he waited till she poised above his shelter, sinews tensed for attack. Then his mighty muscles, like steel springs suddenly released, carried him across the chasm in a magnificent leap.

Snarling her rage she followed fast, but was hopelessly out-distanced. The tiger was young and fleet, his mate was old and worn with grief at her loss. His great strength carried him up and down the ravines in a succession of splendid bounds, while she could only clamber. For a few hundred yards she followed by sound; when that failed, she still blundered through the thick darkness. Then she blundered to her doom.

In a cave brake lay a buffalo that had fought his last fight. He had been wounded by a younger and more virile rival, routed and driven into solitude. One of his wounds had festered in the torrid heat, and his end was approaching when the tigress alighted on him in her blind chase and turned to attack. Voicing her insane exultation, she struck and ripped with all her strength, struck and ripped again and again.

The bull was dying. When cruel, suffocating night closed down on him, he had been almost comatose. But the agony of the wounds she inflicted acted as a tonic, the unprovoked attack roused him to swift reprisal, and he sprang to his feet, once more lord of the lower jungle. With a mighty sweep of his long, curved horns he crushed his assailant against a tree and injured her shoulder.

Crippled though she was, she wheeled and lunged, clawing his neck as she received another slashing blow. Again she returned to the attack, her shuddering roars announcing her mad satisfaction at being able to vent her rage on something that lived and could fight and suffer.

Now she fought silently and the tide of battle turned in her favour. In the tangled undergrowth she was able to move and spring with all the swift cunning and stealthy agility of the cat tribe, delivering her blows ere the bull was aware of her approach. He signalled his position by his heavy breathing and snorts of defiance, but was only able to ascertain hers when she attacked. But for her crippled shoulder the fight would soon have ended in her favour.

Though suffering from the effects of the bull's smashing blows she managed to cling to his back, lacerating loins and flanks with claws like scimitars. With vicious energy she tore her way forward, but tried in vain to deliver a stunning blow on head or neck. Then came the bull's opportunity. Reaching back he drove the point of his great horn into her shoulder and dragged her to the ground. Before she could rise he was upon her, butting, goring, kneeling on her and pounding her with his great head. Even as the breath left her battered body, her yellow fangs closed on his throat in the death grip. With a mighty effort he tried to throw her aside, but her weight was too much for his fast waning strength. His knees bent, and he sank forward till his head rested on the striped flanks of his dead foe.

The thunderous clouds sank lower, till out of the crushing darkness came a flash of lightning that played among the branches, lit up the undergrowth and sought out the cowering beasts in their lairs. There followed the rumbling menace of the thunder, far away, but steadily drawing nearer until it reverberated through the forest and echoed among the ravines. There was an interval of silence and gloom, then the next flash showed a column of dead leaves that had been caught by a sudden whirlwind and lifted up—up—up and beyond the highest tree-tops in a dusty spiral.

Then came the wind that precedes the monsoon rain, bringing its glad message of cooling and relief for the parched earth and the weary beasts. Even the terrifying lightning was hurling the glad promise through space. Flash succeeded flash, every leaf reflected the scintillating light, and even the thunder, that crashed and boomed till the trees and rocks seemed to shudder, was a herald of hope. Then came the rain, a few big, heavy drops at first, striking the leaves like leaden bullets, then a crashing torrent.

It drummed on the parched earth till the sound was heard above the roar of the thunder. It thrashed the trees till the branches bent beneath its weight. It rolled in cascades down mighty tree trunks, and poured from the drooping palm fronds, formed hissing lakes in every hollow and cut foaming channels as it rushed

down to the swamp. Under its merciless onslaught withered boughs snapped and fell, but in that fury of smiting waters the sound of their fall could not be heard.

Still the thunder rolled, still the lightning lit up the deepest recesses of the jungle. It glinted on the falling rain till it looked like a deluge of flame. It ran up and down the tree trunks and played with the green and silver of the tall plume grass. It touched the horns of the dead buffalo till they shone like polished ebony and picked out the gold on his adversary's tawny flanks.

The thunder rolls grew fainter, the lightning less terrifying. Still the roar of the beating rain was like the rattle of artillery. For a moment it ceased, and through a break in the clouds the sun touched the glistening tree-tops. Bird and beast and reptile shook off the morose fear that had held them in thrall during that night of dread. A turtle crawled from the dark waters of the swamp and a crocodile bellowed harshly. The deer nibbled daintily at the rain-washed leaves, the monkeys chattered as they left their leafy hiding-places, and the jungle cock crowed his cheery greeting to the dawn. The long night was ended.

From the ravine a drenched jackal sniffed his way towards the dead duellists, hesitated and drew back. Then he raised his head and uttered the long-drawn tribal call that brought the pack hurrying to the feast from every lurking-place in the jungle.

Repatriation

By Edith Garland Jayne

"COMPANIONS for thirty years . . . it is hard to part"; so wrote good little *senhora* Emilia to one of her former "young ladies" in unknown, far-away England. And so she is thinking, as, in the bright February sunshine, she accompanies her old fellow-servant Bonifacio for the last time to the station from which they have so often travelled together on the household migration from town house to *quinta*.

Manoel, the "boy," keeping guard over the big, painted wooden trunk, and the half-dozen odd baskets and bundles, casts awestruck glances at the two elders who stand silently apart, senhora Emilia, a neat little figure in her dark dress and bonnet, wiping away the tears that *will* steal down her poor faded cheeks.

Senhor Bonifacio, the Gallegan ex-butler, white-haired and feeble, but still erect and handsome in spite of his seventy-five years, wraps more closely round him his ample new *gabão*—the countryman's typical caped cloak of dark, undyed wool—which has been the parting gift of his *patrôa*.* He has lighted a cigarette, and would fain appear unmoved; but his black eyes are misty, and he can scarcely control the quivering of his lips.

Forty and five years has Bonifacio served in one family—has sympathized in their sorrows, and sunned himself in their happiness. He has seen the death of two kings and the exile of a third, has lived through the brief alarms of a revolution, and witnessed the inauguration of a republic. He is a well-to-do man now, with sheep and poultry, a bit of corn-land, and a little vineyard in distant Galicia, all maintained by his careful savings. His wife and daughters, too, are active and industrious, and he can look forward to spending his old age in peace and comfort, with others to tend and work for him.

And yet—somehow the harness has not galled; his

* The master and mistress are "the patrons"; *patrão* and *patrôa*.

service has possessed a variety, an interest, a homeliness, even a freedom, which could scarcely be imagined by an Englishman in a similar position.

The daily marketing, for example; the early start in the sweet freshness of the morning, the meeting and greeting of acquaintances bound on the same errand; the deference paid to him by younger men recognizing him as the trusted emissary of a well-established English household. Then the discriminating choice of the most delicate fish, the tenderest meat, the freshest and most succulent vegetables and fruit—nothing but the best ever found its way into Bonifacio's basket, for his *patrôa* depended on his judgment, and he had a reputation to uphold. The choice made, there followed the excitement of the bargain, amid the exercise of a grand display of real acuteness, simulated scorn, and witty repartee—and Bonifacio could lift his heavy basket and turn homewards, secure in the conviction that, as far as *his* cooperation was concerned, his "patrons" would dine well that day.

The daily tasks of dusting, scrubbing, and sweeping were accomplished with a touch of *laissez-aller* which, while detracting nothing from their efficiency, redeemed the labour from any taint of drudgery or monotony. One went to shake a rug from the balcony, and the neighbours' Antonio would appear alongside for a chat; or the Royal carriages would be brought out to be cleaned in the opposite yard; or a couple of the maids would come out on a farther balcony, and all three exchange compliments and chaff with the fat old concierge at the door below.

Or it was carnival time, and a gay party of masks would demand admission. Who so discreet as Bonifacio? The brass grating in the door could not reveal identities, but as each guest entered, he or she would raise the mask for a second, and, as all friends of the family were known to the butler, no stranger could pass him undetected.

There was no family like *his* family; no young ladies so pretty or so well dressed; how proudly he beamed on them as one after another emerged from the schoolroom chrysalis, and fluttered away to dance or picnic. What excitement if a *noivo** was suspected! By and by one or

* *Noivo*, lover.

two of the *meninas* essayed a longer flight, over the sea to England, but they remained unalterably "the children of the house." And when from time to time they revisited the old home, bringing their own little *meninos* and *meninas*, how heartily he extended—he could not transfer—his loyal affection to these little strangers, carrying them about, welcoming them to his pantry and all its contents, and admiring their stammering attempts to speak to him in his own language.

To the women servants he was always Sir Oracle, though Emilia, a devout soul, grieved over his steady refusal to attend mass, or have any dealings with the priests; he would not even borrow the little "Lives of the Saints" which she studied so diligently on Sunday afternoons. "All these things—are very good for *women!*" said Bonifacio.

At dinner he always appeared *tiré à quatre épingles*, in spotless white tie, shirtfront and gloves; his glass and silver beyond reproach; his waiting deft and unobtrusive; though now and then he would unbend and discreetly volunteer some piece of information or other appropriate contribution to the conversation of his masters.

He prided himself upon his memory for special tastes and fancies; thus, the visits of one grandchild never failed to produce a plateful of buttered toast, made from the greyish country bread, *pão saloio*; Bonifacio, bringing in the evening tea, would whip off the dish-cover, and announce with a benevolent smile: "*Torradas para a menina!*" (Missy's toast.)

Every July, just as the heat in town was beginning to grow really exhausting, came the excitement of the move to Cintra. Bonifacio was very important on such occasions: it was he who marshalled the maids, convoyed the luggage, supervised the airing and cleaning of the summer quarters, and ordered in the provisions.

In Cintra, as in Lisbon, duty and pleasure went gaily hand in hand; *senhor* Bonifacio had any number of country cronies with whom to spend his leisure hours: from the caretaker with his thirteen children, to the old woman who sold *queijadas* (Portuguese cheesecakes), all were glad to welcome their city friend. And the road, towards which the villa faced, could furnish such a variety of

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interests and excitements: the King and Queen and the princes might be seen riding and driving up and down half a dozen times a day, with a smile and salute for all and sundry, and, Bonifacio would assure you, a special regard for the house where the Union Jack waved from sunrise till sundown from an attic window. Carriages passed on their way to and from the palace; a military band, called for some inexplicable reason, the *peixe frito* ("fried fish"), played every evening in the town square outside the old palace with the champagne-bottle chimneys. How pleasant it was then to lean over the gate, with one's evening cigarette, and listen to the music in the fragrant dusk, with the fireflies darting in and out of the trees.

The pleasures and freedom of country life were enjoyed to the full by Bonifacio's portly yellow cat. *Pechincha* ("a bargain") was a wonderful being, the apple of his master's eye. His enormous body was like nothing so much as a huge pumpkin, to which his thin, rat-tail formed a ridiculous contrast. He was almost too corpulent to walk, and, in the absence of any younger members of the family, he usurped many of the privileges of a child of the house. Even the *patrôa* would wink at his occasional choice of the drawing-room sofa for an afternoon nap; while Bonifacio would nurse his pet by the hour, crooning endearments: "my love!" "my little beautiful one!" all of which Pechincha accepted with the bored indifference natural to so pampered an individual.

So the years passed by; and Bonifacio's hair turned from black to grey: from iron-grey to silver-white. Some of those whom he loved and served so faithfully passed away, and he mourned with the survivors. Even the grandchildren of the house were grown up now, and the long corridors had already echoed to the wavering footsteps of the first great-grandchild.

Pechincha grew old and feeble, no dainties could tempt him, so he was mercifully put to sleep, and the pantry knew him no more.

And at length Bonifacio himself began to fail, though he was the last to admit it. He still went to market, but a sturdy lad must attend him to carry home the basket;

ailments were fastening upon him, and he could not throw them off, though he fought bravely against them, and clung tenaciously to every task. The poor old man became "gey ill" to deal with. "No more scrubbing!" commanded the doctor. "Manoel shall scrub," decreed the *patrôa*. "No one but myself shall scrub my dining-room floor!" was Bonifacio's ultimatum, and he locked himself in for the afternoon, and scrubbed his floor in triumph.

He was really ill at last; so ill that he was perforce bedridden for days and weeks, and the *patrôa* wrote to his wife and daughters, who replied that he must indeed come home for good when he was a little stronger. But even then he lingered, unable to make up his mind to leave the aged *patrôa*, and the tried companions of so many years. Till, at last, by dint of infinite tact and much persuasion, he was brought to the irrevocable decision, and the day has come when, dumb with grief, he has kissed for the last time the hand of his mistress, herself bent with trouble and sickness, and has once again descended the hilly, sun-bright streets, to wait, as so often before, in the familiar station, while the last moments ebb away, and poor elderly Emilia weeps inconsolably, knowing, as she cannot fail to do, that she will see her good old friend's face no more.

It is a relief when the bell begins to ring, the old man is helped into the carriage, and his bundles stowed away around him.

"*Adeus*, Bonifacio."

"*Adeus*, Emilia."

The train vanishes from sight. Manoel straightens himself, drawing a deep breath, with a boy's instinctive recoil from scenes of emotion. *Senhora* Emilia dries her eyes resolutely, and turns quickly away. "*Le roi est mort, vive le roi.*" Bonifacio's successor is to arrive this afternoon, and she must be at hand to initiate him into the ways of the house. She and her companion hasten out into the sunshine, and are soon lost to view over the brow of the steep, dusty street outside the station.

Ghosts

By William Gerhardi

He appeared, in circumstances devoid of any "spooky" associations, at my hotel, at a quarter to five in the afternoon. He didn't "call," in the polite sense of this word. What makes it so awful is that he came unannounced. He was suddenly there. And in a sort of quiet, composed, half-invisible way, as though he had always been there. In a hotel bedroom too! "Awkward," I thought; "distinctly awkward."

That I felt no fear is due not so much to the heroic strain in my nature as to other remarkable qualities, which needn't interest you here. The sun was just sinking behind the hills of Algeria. But it was perfectly light and—well, "all right" in the room.

I was washing my face (as, I suppose, we all have to do on occasion; I wish to make it quite clear that I claim no express originality on that point). I was bent over what the French call the *lavabo*, and hot and cold water were streaming simultaneously from the twin taps.

After the falling birth-rate there is nothing that causes greater anxiety to the French than the possible carelessness of visitors in forgetting to turn off the taps of the *lavabo*, and so causing a deluge.

I always thought it rather cruel on our part to suggest to the French to curtail their naval programme, for they regard their ships as Noah's arks, in view of the possible carelessness of visitors in forgetting to turn off the taps of the *lavabos*.

That this is so is evidenced by a notice in my hotel, and in every French hotel at which I have stayed, which I transcribe for the benefit of those who take a proper pride in their French, and because nothing so helps the study of foreign tongues as reading aloud: "Prière de bien vouloir veiller à la fermeture des robinets du lavabo après usage."

Note the word *veiller*. It means watch. It means that in the night you must not sleep, but *watch* that the taps don't go off somehow and cause disaster.

Very late one night, when I had occasion to resort to ablutions, a fearful yell, as from a man bereft, came from the adjacent room. "Hold on!" he yelled, an old bearded man. "Hold on!" (or the equivalent in French.)

In fear, I turned off the taps and crept into bed like a mouse.

Next morning I read panicky articles in the French newspapers at the outcome of the Naval Disarmament Conference at Washington, and once again I proved the verity of the saying that "to understand everything is to forgive everything."

But I would not intrude these reflections, conceived in a Freudian spirit of psychological deduction, into a ghost-article if I were not also anxious to suggest to you the unreality, the goblin-like quality of the French fear of *lavabo* taps, which is but a spectre—I might almost say, a ghost.

You may conceivably argue that my being bent over the *lavabo* may have caused increased blood-pressure and, with it, increased receptivity and a decreased intellection. My answer is that the world of ghosts is beyond the grip of intellection anyhow. The intellect is merely the servant of feeling, who executes certain orders of his master without being admitted into the secrets of his designs.

You never think anything without first feeling the necessity to do so in a given direction. The intellect is merely the tap which regulates the supply of water—which is feeling. And so, if I choose to say that I have felt the presence of a ghost, who can contradict me?

He stood (suddenly I was aware of him) at my side, and, in a way familiar to me, leaning against the mantelpiece in an attitude of leisured distinction, reminiscent of Lord Balfour discoursing informally before a batch of trained pressmen after a political meeting. Only he did not discourse, but surveyed my activity over the *lavabo* with unearthly detachment.

He looked—how shall I say?—as if Algiers was as good a place for him as another; as if, indeed, he had never left our world, but was no longer in need of its amenities.

We had taken the trouble to put him in a coffin and conduct him with a degree of lugubrious pomp and solemnity to the cemetery. Liveried men in cocked hats and looking like field-marshals out of a workhouse had walked funereally to each side of the hearse; and he, the hero of it all, had never even got into the coffin.

It was as if he had absconded (not with another's luggage, but rather, gone off by himself) and left it to the others to pack away his mortal carcass, glad to be

rid of it. So much of his look was irony—an irresponsible, schoolboyish look. The other side of it was melancholy.

Looking at him more closely and hardly, I perceived that the ghost was, in fact, bored—as if, now that he was beyond washing, dressing, shaving, eating, and the like, there was nothing vital for him to do. But instead of explaining to me how he came to be there, he seemed to look in wonderment at my existence. "So you are still here," his look seemed to say.

The ghost was bent over the *lavabo* into which cold and hot water were pouring simultaneously, and I saw that I was the ghost, still in this world and no other. If others did not shrink at my approach, it was because they were ghosts, too, and we lived in a ghost-world. But the Being who had dreamt me looked on with tolerant detachment—tolerant because always he could say: "Enough."

And as at the end of a tedious and squalid dream one is about to cease being the dream to become once more the dreamer who can dream of other, better things as well, so I felt that presently the trance would pass, the dream would end, the chill and ghostly world would open out into another. The mist would rise, and I would cease to be a ghostly dream and become the dreamer who had dreamt us all.

Meanwhile—for heaven knows how long—I was a ghost, diligently bent over the *lavabo* and studiously washing. I saw myself an ill-used man, a novelist producing sterling work in a world of ghost critics, ghost newspapers, ghost women, ghost love; inadequately read, inadequately paid, inadequately loved. I ceased washing, emptied the *lavabo*, and went out into the streets.

Ghosts crowded the pavements, drove past in motor-cars, sat in the cafés, danced in lugubrious halls, staring with uncomprehending eyes out of mortal sockets. And, by contrast, my own assumed warmth and reality, and, on the top of the coffee (as always happens when we pander to the corruptible), a sense of self-importance.

The ghostly waiter betrayed by his eyes that, like all of us, he fretted and suffered in his cold, clammy dream; and I wondered to myself how pleasant it will be for him to find, as his dream draws to a close, that he is not the dream, but the Being who had dreamt him, and can dream anew.

The Tiger of Temunggang

By Hubert S. Banner, F.R.G.S.

If you tell a Javanese peasant that in the land of your birth there are trains which run deep down in the bowels of the earth, he will express polite astonishment and afterwards think of you, rather admiringly, as an accomplished romancer. Should you, however, endeavour to persuade him of the non-existence of such familiar phenomena as, let us say, were-tigers, he will still politely simulate agreement, but from that moment you will figure in his private catalogue as one utterly devoid of normal intelligence. To nerves frayed by residence in the tropics, the consciousness of this stone wall of ancient faith, not to be penetrated by the heaviest siege-engines of Western enlightenment, is apt to be irritating, and the excessive courtesy which masks it only serves to add to the exasperation. So we need not be too severe on the Dutch official who investigated the Temunggang business if he allowed himself to be goaded into some violence of opinion. However, these reflections properly belong to the aftermath of the tale.

. . . . . .

"Come, little one," old Bok Mukmin called to his small son, rising and stretching himself; "thy mother will have had the evening rice ready this half hour, and her tongue will lie heavy on us. *T'ss!* I will wager thou hast not yet shut the goats in, either. Is a game of *telaga-tari*, then, all thy life? Is it nought to thee if thy poor father lose his last goat to the tiger, son of mine? Behold whither the foolish creatures have wandered—to the very edge of the *alang-alang* grass. Allah send that the Striped One be not lurking there this moment! *Ay-ah!*"

He stood like a bronze statue, peering anxiously down the dim aisles of coconut-palms fringing Temunggang village, to where the belt of tall grass, swathed in mist, stretched like a grey terrace below the ramparts of the jungle that stood out black, jagged and menacing against the ebbing glory of the set sun. He watched the figure of his child disappear into the dusk, listened to

his shrill yells in the distance, and the answering tinkle of the goat-bells.

"Have no fear, Bok," one of the group of villagers counselled, adroitly rolling a piece of betel in a leaf; "the tiger walks not abroad yet, methinks. His hour is a later one."

"What knowest *thou* of the hours of such a one?" demanded his neighbour. "Have the tiger-folk made thee privy to their doings, Sumawi?"

"Allah forbid!" the first speaker ejaculated piously, adding a pinch of lime to the betel, and stowing it away in his cheek. "But I mind me it was two hours before the dawn when Harjaminoto's buffalo-calf was taken; and besides——"

"Besides——?" prompted the others, their curiosity stimulated by something in the man's tone.

"Nay, I had best not say it. Doubtless there shall be plenty able to swear that Muhamad Ali, the Korinchian pedlar, never stirs from his dwelling of nights. Indeed, I would swear as much myself."

"*T'ss! T'ss!*" reproved old Bok Mukmin. "What sort of talk is this? All men know well enough that they of Korinchi be tigers in men's shape, but not every Sumatran is a Korinchian, and Muhamad Ali hails from Padang."

"Aye, I recollect it is so; many times I have heard him say it," Sumawi agreed carelessly. "To be sure, Muhamad Ali is no were-tiger, but a very worthy seller of brassware. Doubtless his strange doings may all be accounted for without a thought of blame."

His hearers chewed and smoked in silence, but under cover of the falling darkness uncomfortable glances were exchanged.

"A thought of blame for—what?" one asked at length.

"Was it, then, not thou, Joyo," demanded Sumawi of the speaker, "who didst tell me of fresh bones—the bones of a buffalo-calf, seemingly—that lay near Muhamad Ali's door one morning, among the household sweepings? Nay, perhaps it was some other who told me. But what matters it? You shall not persuade me that Muhamad Ali is an accursed Korinchian, like that one

who, sojourning in a village where a tiger was for ever stealing fowls, was taken sick and vomited forth chickens' feathers. I will not listen to such a tale of Muhamad Ali, who is my good friend, and, on his own showing, an honest pedlar from Padang."

The silence of the little group took on an additional unease. They were a simple-hearted set of men, humble tillers of the soil, and no match for such as the town-bred Sumawi. Already their dull minds were insensibly losing hold of the essential fact that from him had come the first hints—indeed, every hint—against Muhamad Ali.

"Who shall say whence any Sumatran comes?" muttered Bok Mukmin. "Padang or Korinchi—it would be easy for such a one, speaking an alien tongue, to veil the truth from our knowledge."

"Nay, Bok, I will hear no word of ill against my friend," Sumawi cried vehemently. "Say what you will, I cannot believe this thing of him. He does not understand, perhaps, that among us here in Java there may arise misunderstanding of things proper enough in his own country. Doubtless even those curious doings we know of, down at the jungle's edge, were but some religious practice of his people."

"*What* curious doings?" The question tumbled from his listeners in chorus.

"Oh, the merest trifle," Sumawi answered in elaborately careless tones. "Indeed, it is scarcely worth mentioning, and I am minded to withhold it unless first you all swear it shall in nowise poison your minds against Muhamad Ali. I was but thinking of the evening he was glimpsed in the act of somersaulting."

His apparently innocent words were greeted with a sharp intake of breath—an involuntary gasp of sheer horror. What Javanese does not know from childhood that the dread were-tigers achieve their metamorphosis by the agency of a somersault? Not one of the group but had an instantaneous, clear-cut vision of Muhamad Ali grovelling with forehead to ground, of stripes rippling up through the texture of his skin, of his nails changing into cruel talons, his knees horribly turning back to front, as he performed the mystic movement.

"Our goats——" someone muttered.

As though by some unspoken common consent, the men rose to their feet and walked up the steep path of the village towards Muhamad Ali's hut. By the time they arrived there Sumawi had slipped unostentatiously from their company; the rest halted in a ragged knot before the little bamboo dwelling. Several times they called the owner's name, but there was no reply. At length one plucked up courage to look within. Finding the place empty, he entered, followed by his companions. They rummaged about aimlessly, peering fearfully into corners, and handling the most innocent objects as gingerly as though they suspected everything within that abode of holding fatal properties, which, indeed, they did.

A sudden exclamation drew them all to the corner where stood the bamboo bed-frame. Groping in the dark recess beneath, one of their number had touched something soft and yielding. He dragged it forth into the dim light. In pregnant silence they stood staring down at the damning thing—the head and forequarters of a young goat, still fresh.

They charged out like a drove of bullocks, and headed for a hut at the far side of the village, where dwelt one Fatima—frail, but very lovely. They found her sticking strong-scented *m'lati* flowers in her glossy hair, in preparation for an evening stroll. She gazed in wide-eyed astonishment at the posse of men.

"What! Thou at my door, Harjaminoto? For shame!" she mocked. "And thou, Si-wirio? Thou, too, venerable Bok Mukmin, father of eleven? *T'ss! T'ss!*"

"Where is thy lover, Flower of Delight?" they demanded, grinning sheepishly at her taunts.

"My lover is——everywhere," the damsel boasted, brazenly and not without truth.

"We seek but one——Muhamad Ali, the Korinchian."

"Then ye seek not the Muhamad Ali who is my lover, but some other. *My* Muhamad Ali is an honest trader of Padang," Fatima exclaimed hotly; for, after her fashion, she loved the Sumatran well. "What!" she went on, her voice rising to a shrill, indignant note, "would ye imply that I, Fatima, have taken for my lover

a vile tiger in man's guise, such as all men know they of Korinchi be? Would ye dare so insult me, men of Temunggang?"

Unnoticed, Sumawi had joined the little assembly. Bravely now he set himself to defend the character of his friend.

"Give no ear to these babblers, fair Flower of the Twilight," he urged. "I, who know Muhamad Ali so well, will pledge myself that he is no beast-man."

"We found the half of a young goat beneath his bed," one of the men broke in.

"So?" drawled Sumawi, who knew all there was to be known about that goat, and far more than his interlocutors could have told. "Then doubtless he is secretly preparing a feast for our entertainment."

"Say, rather, he has very secretly prepared a feast for his own entertainment," was Bok Mukmin's dark comment. "Come, Fatima! We waste time. Where is Muhamad Ali? Within thy house, belike."

"He went forth this afternoon on a journey, selling brassware to the villages. I know not when he will return. Perhaps tonight, perhaps tomorrow. Search my house, if ye have a mind."

Rather awkwardly, they took her at her word. But their search revealed no signs of the man they sought.

Sumawi lingered behind when the rest departed, and squatted on the ground beside Fatima. He handed her a cigarette.

"Thou art a good friend, Sumawi," the girl remarked, blowing out a cloud of pungent smoke.

"Cigarettes are cheap, Rapture of Heaven," he answered.

"Nay, I meant that to Muhamad Ali thou art a good friend, in that thou defendest his name in his absence. Therefore art thou good friend of mine likewise."

"I would I were a better," Sumawi muttered indistinctly. Then he added aloud: "Yet does my heart misgive me."

"What! Surely thou believest not these idle tales?"

"Nay, nay," said Sumawi impatiently. He was thinking hard. His whole being was aflame for this girl; he had determined at all costs to make her his. But

such women sometimes display astonishing loyalties, and it was common knowledge that Fatima had shed all other and lighter loves in the white-hot fervour of her attachment to the fascinating Sumatran stranger. Sumawi did not doubt that the seeds were sown for Muhamad Ali's undoing. But with the girl he must go passing warily; the rival out of the way or discredited, it must be a proven friend, one of unshaken fidelity, who should offer himself in consolation for the loss.

"As thou sayest, these tales be idle chatter," he continued after a moment or two. "Yet do I fear that much trouble lies in store for him."

And, indeed, his fears looked to be well founded. Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when the air was rent by a hideous medley of shouts and wailings. Sumawi and Fatima started to their feet and ran quickly up the path, to encounter a strange procession. At the head of the screeching, gesticulating throng walked two villagers carrying a long bundle wrapped in sarongs and slung from a bamboo pole. Beside it staggered old Bok Mukmin, tears running down his furrowed cheeks, his voice quavering to Heaven in an agonized appeal for divine vengeance.

"His son, Karmin, who went down to bring in the goats," someone explained hurriedly to Fatima. "His body was found by the stream beyond the *alang-alang* grass. Yes, yes, a tiger, of course. *Aiee!* Alas and alas for the sorrow that is come upon Bok Mukmin this day!"

Suddenly the procession halted, the wailing was stilled as though by magic. The atmosphere became charged with tension. At the end of the village road, perhaps thirty yards from the head of the crowd, and illuminated by the light of a near-by fire, had appeared a familiar figure, tall, upright, and slim, with a bulging sack thrown over his shoulder. His sarong was of the woven, chequered variety they wear in Sumatra and the Straits; on his head was a red velvet cap of a height foreign to Java. Seeing the mob, he, too, came to a halt, astonishment written on his handsome face.

For a matter of seconds all the actors in the strange drama remained thus stricken into immobility, looking like a collection of waxworks. Then, with a hoarse

scream, old Bok Mukmin rushed forward, dragging at the heavy chopping-knife he wore on his hip, and the whole scene instantly became one of frenzied animation again.

The old man covered the intervening ground with truly remarkable agility, but Fatima had reached Muhamad Ali before him. Heedless of her own imminent peril, she sprang at Bok Mukmin literally like a wild-cat, scratching his face and spitting, while her lover quickly seized his wrist and disarmed him.

"At him, ye cowards! The murderer of my son!" sobbed the demented father, and the crowd at his back began to mass themselves in an uncertain fashion.

Sumawi elbowed through the jabbering throng of men and took his stand beside the lovers. His face displayed only loyal determination, with no trace of the bitter disappointment that was raging in his heart. The destruction of Bok Mukmin's child had appeared to his warped mind in the light of a stroke of Providence; not for one moment had he thought it could have any other result than the swift translation of Muhamad Ali to another world. He had formed a rapid plan to be just a shade too late in pushing his way to his friend's assistance. Now he was compelled to endanger his own skin for nothing, and that had formed no part of his programme. But with heartfelt relief he caught sight of helmets bobbing at the back of the crowd, and the red glitter of sabres in the firelight.

"I am with thee," he said to Muhamad Ali in a low voice, and noted with a queer sensation that was half triumph, half agony, the gratitude in Fatima's eyes.

But in general his sensations were far from triumphant. His deep-laid plans, which Fate had seemed about to push to a victorious conclusion with celerity undreamed of, had utterly collapsed. An inquiry was promptly held into the circumstances of the uproar, and the village placed under constant police patrol by way of discouraging any recurrence. As to Muhamad Ali, safe though he might be now, he was rigorously ostracized, and even children hooted him when he walked abroad. But how did that benefit Sumawi, with his dark heart aching for Fatima's caresses? Far from helping him in his designs, it forged closer than ever the bond between

the girl and her persecuted lover. With feelings verging on despair he watched their intimacy, while still playing his careful rôle of the true and loyal friend, faithful even unto death.

Just as he was beginning to toy with the thought of plain, straightforward murder, an idea came to him, like a blinding flash of light.

"Muhamad Ali," he said to his friend, "my heart is sore grieved because thou art thus unjustly accused. Long hours have I argued with these foolish people, but they will not hearken to the tongue of reason. Yet now at last have I a plan whereby they may be forced to see their folly."

Muhamad Ali lifted his face, an incipient gleam of hope in his sombre eyes.

"Only if they shall see the true tiger with their own eyes, and thyself in the same glance, will they believe," Sumawi went on. "Let us therefore seek out some favourite runway of the Striped One, and set a deadfall."

"It is a good plan," acclaimed Fatima joyfully. "In sooth, Sumawi, thou art a true friend."

"I strive to be such," Sumawi said modestly.

The very next morning the two friends set to work. After long and patient search they located a spot which bore indications of being an occasional drinking-place of the tiger. A worn path led through the thickets from the deeper jungle to a sandy strip beside the stream, not far distant from where poor little Karmin's body had been discovered. In the sand were several clear tiger-prints.

They procured a heavy balk of timber and propped it up with a cunningly arranged contraption of bamboos, so set as to collapse the moment a tread-plank, lightly covered with sand, was touched. By Sumawi's advice they were both careful, while setting the trap, to avoid stepping on the sandy patch, as the tiger, judging by the course of his tracks, was likely to approach from that direction and might otherwise be warned by a clinging whiff of human scent.

Having finished their labours, the friends separated, Sumawi returning to the village, while Muhamad Ali, who had a brass bowl to deliver in a neighbouring district, set off along a jungle path.

In the late afternoon, when he judged that Muhamad Ali should be well on his way home, Sumawi traversed the same path for perhaps a quarter of a mile and then sat down to await the other's coming. He had smoked several cigarettes and chewed several quids of betel, and the shadows were growing long, when at last the Sumatran appeared in sight. Sumawi rose to meet him.

"I have been to Kampong Kenongo," he lied glibly, "and sat me down to rest. Since we are so near, shall we go and see if our deadfall be in proper trim?"

Muhamad Ali assenting, they took their way to the stream, beguiling the walk with chatter about money and women, as is the way of Malayan folk. They even discussed Fatima.

They came to the bank of the brook, and Sumawi politely made way for his friend to cross first, he following about a yard behind.

"Hast thou marked the scarlet curve of her lip, Sumawi?" Muhamad Ali exulted, just as they were half way across. He turned his head slightly to catch the answer.

The momentary position gave Sumawi an ideal aim at the temple, the question lent fierce strength to his arm.

"I have!" he answered through his clenched teeth, and struck savagely with the heavy stick he carried. Then he sprang forward to catch Muhamad Ali's toppling body in his arms, so that the clothing should not be wetted. Staggering under the weight of the stunned man, he waded a few yards down the stream, then climbed its far bank and approached the trap from the jungle side. Standing clear, he dropped the head of the unconscious Muhamad Ali just where the log had been calculated to crash down, then allowed the feet to fall outwards on the spot where the tread-plank lay concealed. The mechanism worked to perfection. Sumawi looked down upon his ghastly handiwork with a slow smile, then turned his face homewards.

Smiling, he could not guess that Death lurked at his very elbow. He saw no warning sign of that dread presence till some sound—possibly the tiger's horrid coughing snarl—made him turn and peer apprehensively over his shoulder. But then he caught the sombre glare

of the cruel eyes, took in the shadowy form crouched in the shadows of the thicket. With a strangled scream he tore himself from the spell of his fascination, turned to run blindly. But he had not run five yards when a tree-root brought him sprawling, and all was over.

. . . . . .

"What I can't make out about it," said an exasperated Dutch Assistant Resident at the official investigation which ensued, "is that the fellow in the trap left no tracks in the sand. He must have jumped all that distance from the water; but why, *in duivel's naam*?"

"Perhaps he came from the jungle direction," said the youthful *Controleur* of the District.

"Fool! Why were his *verdomd* legs on the other side, then?" the other demanded explosively and unanswerably. "And if you dare to bring me any more witnesses babbling about were-tigers, I'll get you transferred to the loneliest station in the Moluccas. I suppose we'll have to record that these two poor *duivels* were chased by a tiger, that one was caught and the other fell over a deadfall. But it leaves a lot unexplained."

The gossip round the village fires, on the other hand, left nothing at all to be explained. Beneath the deadfall had been found the corpse of one previously suspect of blackest witchery. That he had come up from the stream, his position demonstrated clearly. On the sands were no human footprints, but plenty of tiger-tracks. The proofs were held conclusive, and one must at least concede that the deductions were logical. Yet in one very important particular the judgment of the village went far astray, as may be gathered from, for example, old Bok Mukmin's moralizings.

"Behold, my children," the old fellow murmured, "how swiftly and inevitably falls the wrath of Allah upon such as serve the Powers of Darkness! Mark, too, how oft-times it is the lot of the innocent to perish with the guilty. For shall loyalty to a friend be accounted for evil? Consider, likewise, the unplumbed depths of wickedness in the tiger-heart of such a one as this beast-man, whose last action, ere his well-merited doom befell him, was to slay the one and only man who stood his friend in the hour of persecution!"

The Exile

By Aimée Scott

THE Spring has burst in English lanes,
And dainty finery decks the trees;
The buttercup each meadow stains,
And clouds evade each teasing breeze;
The speedwell gleams like wistful stars,
Finding a secret way to Heaven;
The lark attunes his golden bars
Far up above our earthly leaven.

But I look out on dust and heat,
Drink in the mango scent and neem*;
Crush out the essence of life's sweet
In fretful dreaming of a dream.
The blood flows listless in the veins—
Ah! me, the Spring in English lanes!

The meadow-bloom beside the hedge
Will quickly scent the radiant air;
The cuckoo-flower with ragged edge
Was never robed more freshly fair;
The little brook, meandering,
That sulked throughout stern winter's rule,
Now runs with playful uttering
From primrose bank to rippling pool.

But I look out on parchéd land,
Catch the far sounds of marriage feast,
Count the long hours dully planned,
To meet the langour of the East.
The harsh winds scorch the sugar canes—
Ah! me, the Spring in English lanes!

* The neem tree, of which the blossom is very sweetly scented.

THE EXILE

In narrow paths of filmy woods
Blue harebells strew the mossy shade;
A mystery of rapture broods
About each green mosaiced glade;
The foaming orchards pink and white
Scatter their petals near and wide;
In some deep-hidden bower to-night
The thrush will tell his love and pride.

But I look out on brazen sky,
On sun that sets in flakes of fire,
On crimson buds that fall and die,
Slain by embrace of fierce desire.
Hot, still, and dark the evening wanes—
Oh, God! The Spring in English Lanes!

Motor Accident: An Impression

By Margaret Marshall

Sunlight and speed, wind in the flying hedges,
Splashes of purple willow-herb, and deep brown wedges
Of sudden ploughland, swathes of vivid green,
Woods, and low hills, the flicker of a stream,
Red knots of cottages, and beds aflame with flowers;
Here dry the silver road, here oxidized with showers;
Meeting of four cross-ways, the horn's sharp blare,
The hurtling limousine, the screech and tear
Of tyres; incredibly prolonged suspense;
The brace of limb, with every muscle tense;
The wrenching shock, the cry, the crash of glass,
The drunken wheel that spins across the grass.
Then pain—not this the clean, sharp agony
Of surgeon's knife, cutting efficiently—
But wave on wave of grinding, aching pain,
Dying with swift release, to leap again
As wavering consciousness refills the brain,
And sunlit, tortured hours to writhe and cry,
Waiting and waiting for some passer-by.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

The Modern Policeman

'I see," said Heddle, "that Simmons's boy is going to join the police."

"Is he?" said Sergeant Murphy. "That's funny. I thought he had only the ordinary catch-as-catch-can Council education."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Everything, Heddle," replied the Sergeant. "The policeman of today resimbles the fellah of twinty years ago about as much as the modern flapper does Florence Nightingale. In the ould days, Heddle, they selected policemen be bulk and the thickness of their skulls. A man of the proper height and weight had to have his cranium tested be repeated blows with a heavy blunt insthrumint. If the insthrumint cracked first, the lad was taken on. If not, not. And as long as he was able to write down in his notebook the name of the fellah he'd put the hammerlock on, nobody cared if he thought Kipling was a new way of dhressin' women's hair.

"But the copper of today has to be dhrawn from the educated classes. He has to be a specialist.

"Look at the chaps on the Brighton road that haul up motorists for thinkin' that the number of miles from London is the speed limit. Listen to wan of thim in the witness-box tellin' the magisthrate that the Rolls-Ford that passed him was doin' sixty-two decimal double wan seven miles per hour, allowing for the wind and atmospheric pressure. Why, the ould lot wouldn't know a decimal from a Plymouth Brother.

"Then you have the chaps in the West End that raid the night-clubs. Every man of thim has to pass an examination on clothes, and the wan that can't say offhand whether a lounge suit with bowler, or mornin' coat with turn-up throusers is the correct outfit for a statutory meetin' of creditors is as likely as not apt to find himself regulatin' the queues outside an East End crèche. They've got to be able to dance, and many a case of a glass of wine dhrunk after closin' time might

pass unnoticed but for the gimlet eyes of a handsome young giggleoh hoofin' the fox-throt with some dowager, and him all the time P.C. X424. And suppose he didn't know whether asparagus was to be eaten at the point or at the butt ind, or if he was to take a fish-knife to his patty defoy, it 'ud be as bad as if he was to lay his thruncheon on the table beside his plate. They'd see he was a copper, and only bottles of dhry ginger would be uncorked, and heavy-handed Justice would be defied.

"But that's only half the story, Heddle. You've heard about Dora, haven't you? Well, the police is Dora's executors. It's to the police the Home Secretary comes whin he wants to know if unwrinkled thripe can be sold at night, or if a caviare sandwich divided among three counts as a meal below the line. The police know. They have to know.

"It's anxious days for thim, Heddle. There's shopkeepers, who don't seem to care a curse about the Empire and our great heritage, who'll go on servin' customers with things five and even tin minutes after closin' time. And it takes a mass of six-foot min, weighin' annything from wan hundhred and eighty pounds upwards, to prevint thim from sappin' the Constitution at its foundations.

"Thin, don't forget, the constable in his spare time is supposed to be a walkin' guide to London. He has to be a bit of an amachoor docthor, and be able to tell if a fellah that's singin' 'The Wolf' in Thrafalgar Square at midnight is a spring poet airin' his lungs or a victim of bad dhrink. He's a tax collector and a settler of disputes between husbands and wives clawin' wan another's hair. He's an usher at fashionable weddin's, and only the rules of the service prevint the happy couple from dhressin' him up as a page-boy, with sprigs of gardenia or love-lies-bleedin' in his hair. That's why he's bein' recruited now from the older universities."

"There's a lot of robberies going on now," said Heddle, "and nobody being arrested."

"Thrue enough," replied Sergeant Murphy. "But don't get impatient. A policeman has only wan pair of hands. Whin the pressure of his more important duties relaxes, he'll have time to look into the crime business."

Has Ibsen Failed?

By Horace Shipp

Hedda Gabler. By Henrik Ibsen. (Everyman Theatre.)
Young Woodley. By John van Druten. (Savoy Theatre.)
Methuselah Cycle. By George Bernard Shaw. (Court Theatre.)

ONE hundred years ago, on March 20, Henrik Ibsen was born at Skien. Fifty years ago, already an exile from his country for the daringness of his thought, he began the series of prose dramas which broke down the existing theatrical traditions. To-day the world acclaims the man and the artist, grants him his niche among the immortals, forgets the *Theaterskandal* which greeted *Ghosts* in half the countries of Europe and in America, and remembers only that it was the pioneer play at the three great European theatres which created the new movement. All this is to say that the Ibsen controversy has been fought and won. Naturalism, which he brought to the stages of Europe, is the accepted technique of the serious dramatist; the "well-made" plays of Dumas *fils* or of Augier, the whole heritage of Scribe, went down before the army of naturalistic dramatists whom Ibsen led to the assault.

When Ibsen made that attack, the French play—artificial, stagey, unreal—with its neatly dovetailed situations and incredible people, dominated the theatre. Regarded from the viewpoint of the theatrical, it was able enough, a very triumph of dexterity; regarded from that higher plane which would seek to make literature a "criticism of life," it failed abjectly. A Chinese puzzle may be amusing enough as diversion, but tends to be unsatisfying as fare for intelligent minds seeking truth and beauty. So in thankfulness to the pioneer mind of the great Norwegian we turn to the London stage of our day to enjoy the fruits of that victory.

No less than two stages have first-rate plays: The Shaw cycle at the Court Theatre, and Ibsen's own *Hedda Gabler* out in the suburbs at Hampstead. We will add to this the production of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* at the Old Vic for its classic interest, and *Young Woodley* at the Savoy for the beauty of its sincerity; and so the tale of anything like first-rate work is complete. Elsewhere, the all-triumphant thriller—the edifying reflection of the

police-court news known as crook plays, the "mystery" plays which have already given "pep" to the quiet life of Broadway. A news paragraph assures me: "Three of the four chief new plays of the week are crook or mystery ones." In two theatres in London one has the joy of being oneself part of the show; and the time is surely not far distant when, to help the realism of the piece, your fellow-stallite may be called upon to murder you or mysteriously possess himself of your wife's jewels. No sacrifice is too great, and already one theatre has kept count of the number of people who needed the attention of the trained nurse they had on duty throughout the run of the piece.

When in the interests of some out-moded ideal of drama one dares to question the legitimacy of this outburst of criminal violence and Old Bailey balderdash, the reply comes invariably that it amuses the audience, and as theatre stuff it has "slickness," stage artifice, and neatness of construction. The terms take us back. Here we are again: the "well-made play," the situation at all costs, theatricality, and all the old brigade. Not France, this time, is dominating the situation, but ubiquitous America; yet the goods are the contemporary equivalent of the old stuff.

I confess that for my own part they fail even to thrill me. Watching Ibsen's own *Hedda Gabler* at the Everyman I am held, moved, entranced by the play. Here is a first-rate stage story, excellently and convincingly told; firm psychology, credible people, situations as tense as any of the cheap detective stuff. Beneath it, if one cares to go deeper, is Ibsen's social study—a footnote upon that freedom for women which was so pronounced an issue in his mind. Beneath yet again, after the triune manner of the Ibsen technique, that affair with destiny which gives the deep spiritual meaning to his work. Laura Cowie's snake-like Hedda is a brilliant interpretation, even when we are disagreeing with it; Tesman is produced one degree too ludicrously to satisfy our doubts that Hedda could have married him. His stupidity was that of the scholar and the weakling; this brings him too near the low-comedy level. Nevertheless, the involuted significance of the play always satisfies

the mind, as the quickly-moving story satisfies the immediate consciousness. Ibsen is like that; yet save for this one production, a few special matinées at Wyndham's Theatre and the Kingsway, we haven't room for his work on our stage, even as a centenary gesture.

The one play which, because of its sincerity, one dares to put alongside Ibsen, is *Young Woodley*. Its technical faults and its remoteness from the theatre would have killed anything were it not that we are entirely swept out of the shallows where technical criticism matters. One should admit, too, that Basil Dean's production has marvellously veneered certain bad joints in Mr. van Druten's work, and that the play contains some of the best acting in London by people hitherto practically unknown. But we do not think of it as we think of art; our concern throughout is with life. The play wins out because of our intense sympathy with Young Woodley and his growing pains of the soul. It comes almost as a surprise to find a programme in one's hand announcing that Frank Lawson is acting the part. *Young Woodley* is the triumph of naturalism. That it also comes from America has to be recorded in justice after our strictures on the usual stuff which Broadway sends us.

The production of Shaw's great cycle of plays is a theatrical event of a magnitude which cannot be dealt with in a paragraph. Shaw is self-confessed Ibsen's spiritual legatee, but he has now dealt so long with the original capital that its wealth is his own. Nor has he allowed the Ibsen of naturalism to cramp him, but rather has carried drama on to its next period where individuals and events are but the shadows of institutions, and the human race his theme.

Almost by paradox it is this beyond-naturalism inherent in Ibsen, rather than the much-talked-of naturalism, which interests us most in the Norwegian master's work today. The poetry, the symbolism, the inner dramas live because they deal with the eternal verities. Shaw in his later work deals, too, with these, whatever pretext of surface he gives his plays. Happily thus the ideal of the theatre never dies, and though the Ibsen centenary might well cause us a sad stocktaking of theatrical values, there seems a little on the credit side.

Books

BIOGRAPHY AND ESSAYS

CARLYLE: HIS RISE AND FALL. By NORWOOD YOUNG. Duckworth. 12s. 6d.

THERE seems a revival of interest in Carlyle, though his fame has sadly dwindled in the twentieth century. Mr. Young has in this volume gone into the man and his books with ample knowledge and produced a very interesting estimate, the pungency of which is fairly documented and justified throughout. He has discovered the faults and limitations in the one-time idol who was supposed to be the only true prophet in England by Ruskin and a host of other disciples. Undoubtedly, as a prophet, Carlyle had gifts—a strong and picturesque style in denunciation and a singularly vivid and sardonic way of preaching. But he had no clear message that was new and true, and with increasing years inculcated a worship of sheer force that can expect only a poor reception from those who have been through the war. The fine talker, the critical essayist, and the historian—all these sides of Carlyle had their day of glory. The talk—if one can admit a growling monologue—may have been extraordinarily good: the essays and histories are marred by serious deficiencies and inaccuracies. The fact is that Carlyle's general equipment was not adequate; but the little imp of pride sat on his shoulder and whispered how superior he was to other people. Mr. Young shows how this attitude of his was encouraged from early days. Worse still, his way of patronizing everybody is enough to put anybody against him. This patronage is a Scottish habit, which he showed *in excelsis*. Mr. Young points rightly to his depreciation of Walter Scott, which, I fear, was largely due to personal pique and jealousy. No man has a right to deride and abuse his fellows in literature as Carlyle did. He was little better than a common scold, like another exasperated Puritan, Milton. Cassandra degenerated into Thersites. His judgment of poetry was ludicrous, and of men often not much better. His admiration of Goethe was, perhaps, natural, as there were few great men then about to attract a hero-worshipper; and, after all, he might have been that sorry thing, a factious Benthamite. But Goethe was serene, and never had a pupil less like him. Carlyle was always foaming and grumbling, though he had a reasonable share of good luck to help him on his way; and, living to be an old man, he might, to judge from his own account, have been always an embittered invalid. His wife was an irritant and cleverer than he was; but she had a good deal to tolerate, though she knew pretty well, I suppose, what she was doing when she married a man of genius.

About Froude's revelations there is hardly likely to be much fuss today, since his candour suits present ideas of biography. Mr. Young's defence, if it is needed, is sound, for it is founded on

Carlyle's own doctrine. The sage was all for the truth, though his histories hardly suggest it. His ready acceptance of forged letters of Cromwell, which a competent inquirer could not help doubting, is typical of his ways. His view, once settled, remained for him unalterably right. He tinkered with quotations, even from his favourite Goethe, and when he was confuted, refused to alter what suited his own ideas. He behaved very well about the loss of his MS. of the "French Revolution"; he was generous in helping others; he had a compassionate heart; and he learnt, in time, to study his wife's comfort. His notions of happiness were misguided and, as Mr. Young points out, a misinterpretation of Goethe's. He never saw life steadily and whole; he was lost in self-conceit. He even thought himself qualified to be Astronomer Royal for Scotland, though he knew nothing of the technical side of the business. Still, prophets must believe intensely in themselves and their mission; and he made no concessions to popular taste. He was at his best a great writer, and we could do with such a figure today, though the language of the scold is a doubtful means of putting the world right. If the next prophet will only read this excellent study, he will discover much to avoid. Mr. Young concludes with the suggestion that "we should not have been completely unprepared for the events of 1914," if Carlyle had given a juster view of his Frederick. Some of us were prepared and duly derided; and it may be asked if politicians have ever distinguished themselves by learning lessons from history. And such history! How many people in the twentieth century have mastered the six verbose and overwhelming volumes about the greatness of Frederick? How many, lost in the fuliginous apothegms of the "French Revolution," have agreed with Lord Morley that they prefer the English language! V. R.

NINE ESSAYS. By ARTHUR PLATT. With a Preface by A. E. HOUSMAN. Cambridge University Press. 8s. 6d.

PROF. HOUSMAN'S vivid little memoir will recall to some a scholar of exploring mind who went far beyond his professional studies in the classics. Platt, for more than thirty years a London Professor of Greek, revealed in his conversation and writing a gaiety which undergraduates suspected as improper, but which generally proved very agreeable to more mature minds. He corresponded at length with Henry Jackson, the most human of dons. He was "the most lettered scholar of his time," and his versatility is shown by the papers here printed, which range from "Edward FitzGerald" and "Rochefoucauld" to "Cervantes" and "Julian." They do not show the cloistered and cautious scholar. He put off the solemnity of the professional, spoke out, and took common things of life, such as razors and cricket, for illustrations. Schlegel is denounced as "of course, one of the very silliest persons who ever undertook to

criticize literature." Of Lucian he remarks that if his Greek was not always Attic, some authors of repute, like St. Paul and Mr. George Moore, do not know any at all. Lucian's attitude to Christianity is "much that of an ordinary educated Englishman, twenty years ago, to the Salvation Army." If humour is, as some of us think, the fine flower of scholarship, here it is in abundance with wide knowledge behind it and a delightful frankness about preferences and aversions. We cannot admire all Platt's humorous exaggerations, but the book is one for these depressed and depressing days, for it penetrates to the real stuff of humanity, and always with the smile of understanding.

THE HOGARTH LECTURES. 1. A LECTURE ON LECTURES. By SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH. 2s. 6d. 2. TRAGEDY. By F. L. LUCAS. 3s. 6d. 3. STUDIES IN SHAKESPEARE. By PROF. ALLARDYCE NICOLL. 3s. 6d. 4. THE DEVELOPMENT OF ENGLISH BIOGRAPHY. By HAROLD NICOLSON. 3s. 6d. Hogarth Press.

THIS is an excellent series presenting modern views, though the "Lecture on Lectures" which begins it seems rather trivial for a book. The Oxford rhyme used to run :

> You'll find the substance of his notes
> Much better in the books he quotes ;

but lectures are meant to stimulate rather than to inform, and the Cambridge professor provides the answer to Dr. Johnson's denunciation with his usual liveliness. Mr. Lucas's discussion of the various definitions and theories of tragedy develops a theme we have often wished to see taken up. It should be of use to many who are puzzled by Aristotle's obscurity, and establishes the modern freedom of tragedy. Something is to be gained, perhaps, by studying all the theories, but tragedy does not admit of close definition. It is a serious and ennobling story of disaster fundamentally true to life and not rejecting light relief. Little more can be said. "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," as Mr. Lucas remarks, "contains more that is truly tragic than all the abortions of the Victorian stage put together." But novels nowadays grow tediously lengthy and elaborate; and the simplifications due to the stage may in time be commended by a reaction, especially as stage upholstery is being simplified too. The public may grow weary of sentiment, and particularly of the embraces which always end the cinema story. Mr. Lucas is both witty and learned, and his work is always a pleasure to thinking readers.

Mr. Nicolson follows the course of English biography in a very interesting summary, noting, of course, Boswell and Lockhart and various exponents of "hagiography." Stanley's "Life of Arnold" is a humourless performance which is intolerable, and the Victorians are said to have "missed no opportunity to brand as 'cruel and vulgar' any attempt at honest biography." Froude will hardly be abused today, and since his time Purcell's "Life

of Manning" proved disconcertingly honest. In the modern style, introduced by Mr. Lytton Strachey, the biographer is at least as important as his subject. We feel that he has lost no chance for irony or amusement, and prides himself on being no respecter of persons. His work is preferable to the sort of thing written by the widow, but in the desire to avoid "whitewashing" it sometimes errs on the other side. A touch of hero-worship still seems a good recipe for a biographer, even if the twentieth century prefers the unsparing views of the valet. The frankly critical Life generally, however, comes when the subject's fame is settled. Then zest and independence, as in Mr. Nicolson's book on Tennyson, may enliven a thesis which insists on not being didactic. We cannot, it seems, have another Boswell or Lockhart, because they had no thesis, and "pure" biography is doomed. The new men are too analytical and scientific to be literary.

Prof. Nicoll's lectures on four of the greatest plays of Shakespeare maintain the high standard of the series, and by close and pertinent study of some of the greatest plays dismiss a good deal of idle sentimentality which has wandered some way off the text. A book of this sort can hardly command universal assent, but these lectures contain a good deal that seems to us excellent. Such criticism was wanted, for Shakespeare has attracted little attention of the first-rate sort since Bradley's books. This volume and that on "Tragedy" might have had indexes.

FICTION

THE SUBURBAN YOUNG MAN. By E. M. DELAFIELD. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

PROMISING "nice people" in her dedication, Miss Delafield has restrained the mordancy of her style. She records, however, enough human frailty and crudity to be amusing and shows her usual accomplished sense of character. Peter, a writer in a small way, has a wife and two children, but this does not prevent him from falling in love with Antoinette, who returns his love. She is above him in class, but has taken to typing in the city to be independent. The novelty is that the people most concerned on each side are perfectly aware of the attachment which the lovers make no attempt to conceal. Antoinette's younger sister Sheila is also enamoured of a married man, but in a much less serious way. The question is: What will happen to the two girls? Peter's wife, a Scot with a notable yet irritating gift of good sense, is the chief success of the book. The mother of the two girls, curiously feckless, yet occasionally effective by means of her charm, is also very well done. Sheila is the "good time" girl we know as one of the products of the age, but we cannot make out that Antoinette, apart from her love affair, had any particular keenness about anything. Perhaps that is typical of the age, too.

BOOKS

THE SLEEPING SWORD. By BARBARA GOOLDEN. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

MISS GOOLDEN'S new novel "seeks," we are told, "to indicate that there is no recognized state of emergency in peace, no consciousness of crisis," and, by way of foreword, Blake's familiar lines,

> I will not cease from mental fight
> Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
> Till we have built Jerusalem
> In England's green and pleasant land,

sufficiently explains the title. All this would be well enough were not the detection of any such austere purpose in the story itself largely a matter for the reader's indulgence.

The fact that Juanita Reiss, a charmingly impassive Austrian Jewess of naturalized British parentage, slides, as it were, with infinitely less ado than might have been anticipated, into blissful wedlock with Clive Coverdale who, in his uncompromising anti-dagoism, represents the diehard spirit, may or may not be intended as illustrating the most convenient method of realizing the aspiration of the seer quoted above. Clive, too, in his persistent presentiments of national disaster, and their inevitable reaction in boredom on his friends, may be held to point a moral. On the other hand, the Reiss household is drawn with genuine humour and understanding, while the happy-go-lucky ménage of Clive's friends, the Marlowes, reflects agreeably and with spirit post-war points of view on most things.

Apart from its sterner mission, this is a thoroughly amusing book.

THE VALLEY OF THE SQUINTING WINDOWS. By BRINSLEY MACNAMARA. Sampson Low. 7s. 6d.

THE Valley of Garradrimna inevitably leads to tragedy, and if it is at all typical of Ireland, Ireland is indeed hopeless. Girls go wrong; the elder men get drunk as often as they can, and the elder women indulge in a daily orgy of spying, listening, and evil-speaking; the postmistress opens and destroys the letters entrusted to her; the priest is very much of this world; and over any approach to idealism hangs the wild, unreasoning, theatrical way of the people.

The story shows a mother recovering from an early fault by a second marriage and rejoicing with desperate tenderness in a son working for the priesthood. She keeps from him the secret of her past, but there are neighbours arrayed with cunning malice against her, and fate, involving a young girl who comes as schoolmistress to the disgusting valley, revives the past for the next generation with worse results.

Mr. Macnamara writes very well and arranges his tragedy with skilful detail. The horrible old women and the drunkards—one

of them is the mother's second husband—are presented with telling effect.

We wonder, since the book is printed in England, why such spellings as "offense" and "pretense" have passed unnoticed.

CASTE. By COSMO HAMILTON. Hurst and Blackett. 7s. 6d.

THE most important aspect of this novel is said to be "unbiased treatment of the increasingly difficult question of racial prejudice as between Jew and Gentile." With New York for a setting (relieved by sumptuous glimpses of Florence, London, and Paris) and multi-millionaires for protagonists, the problem, if problem there be, is lifted well clear of the drab surroundings of everyday life. Frankly, it is not easy to take a deep interest in Erskine Farquhar and his wife, wealthiest and most exclusive of New York Society leaders, or in their conception of marital irresponsibility, which, indeed, brings its own reward in their daughter Jean's inconsiderate passion for a handsome young Jewish super-pianist, himself the adored son of the wealthiest and most exclusive of New York's Jews.

Jean, in a novel less purposeful, might have proved yet another of Mr. Hamilton's exasperatingly delightful young women, but the shadow of the problem is on her as on the rest—with the exception, perhaps, of an English novelist and the Jew father.

The author has brought conscientiousness to his task, but at some cost to his wit, daring, and vivacity of speech.

HISTORY

THIS GENERATION. By THOMAS COX MEECH. Chatto and Windus. Vol. II. 1914–1926. 12s. 6d.

MR. MEECH continues and concludes his useful contemporary record in a second volume covering the period of the War and its aftermath of social change and industrial unrest. The arrangement is a little more annalistic than in the first instalment. He declares his intention "at the proper time and place" to express his own views, but wisely refrains from doing so in his present work. Substantial accuracy is only marred by a rather frequent misspelling of proper names and the occurrence of slips, such as "battle of the Sedan," "Marquis of Curzon," and "Prince Ludendorf." The illustrations include a facsimile of the seals and signatures of the Locarno Treaty.

As before, the backbone of the contents consists of Parliamentary summary, but the war bulks largely, recent publications, such as those of Mr. Churchill, being utilized with discrimination. A gallant attempt is made to dispel the mists which surround the Battle of Jutland, and a good deal of space is devoted to the

Russian side of the world struggle. Here, and in other accounts of foreign affairs, a useful background of previous history is supplied. Short obituaries of leading men are also introduced, and explanations of popular terms such as "Anzac" and "Black and Tans." Irish events are fully treated.

The effect of the war on the position of women is noticed, this being, perhaps, the most far-reaching of all the social changes brought about by it. The coming in of "daylight saving" and "direct action," the tendency towards an approximation of classes at the same time as class war was proclaimed, are also dealt with, together with the rapid advance in aviation and the spread of "broadcasting." We do not, however, notice any reference to the congestion of traffic brought about by the coincidence of popular restlessness and improvement in mechanical facilities. The revival of cricket and the extended popularity of lawn tennis are stressed in the survey of sport, while the death of W. G. Grace leads to an eulogistic estimate. Drama is handled from a popular standpoint, and the treatment of literature and art is somewhat perfunctory. But the work as a whole forms a lucid, impartial, and accurate reminder of the events and personalities of the first generation of the twentieth century.

MODES AND MANNERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By DR. OSCAR FISCHEL and MAX VON BOEHN. Translated and edited by GRACE THOMPSON. 4 vols. Dent. £2 2s.

IF one were asked to recommend a history of the period between the end of the French Revolution and the beginning of the Great War, no better book could be mentioned than this "Sartor Resartus" of the nineteenth century. It is, indeed, the social history of the people, more important always than the battles and showy events which usually find place in the history books. That it approaches this record of society largely through the changing fashions in dress takes away no whit of its authenticity or sense of values. On men and women and the clothes they wore; on society and the thoughts and institutions wherein it clothed itself during that century wherein greater changes took place in the lives of mankind than had been effected during the previous two thousand years, the authors of these volumes have written a work full of romance and erudition. A fascinating book, exquisitely and fully illustrated from the paintings and prints of the period. Grace Thompson has added to the European record chapters on America conceived in the same vein, and here, as in the translation, she has performed her task well.

POETRY

THE TOWER. By W. B. YEATS. Macmillan. 6s.

AGE, which brings mastery and confirmation to the philosopher, brings desolation to the poet. Sometimes he can kindle

new fires when passion and beauty and the quick senses dull into ashes, but more often rapture gives place to remembrance. Mr. Yeats's new volume of poems is a cry of desolation :

> What shall I do with this absurdity—
> O heart, O troubled heart—this caricature,
> Decrepit age that has been tied to me ?

he cries. He protests that his mind and imagination are alive to beauty. Yet, as the book reveals, even mind is slave to time, for whereas the horrors of civil war, of broken faith, and hatred would deceive a young romantic, to the disillusioned poet they bear their own bitter impress.

Is there escape ? He looks to the "artifice of eternity," the gold tree of Byzantium, the ancient eternal stories, to "be the singing master of his soul." Those of us who have found in his artistry an unfading beauty, and find it unflagging in this new volume, would wish the poet himself to go on creating his images as finely beaten as ever Byzantine goldsmith made. "The Tower" is a beautiful book, though it sings the dark hours of its creator.

GOETHE : FAUST. Part I. Translated by G. M. COOKSON. With an Introduction by J. G. ROBERTSON. Routledge. 7s. 6d.

THE last translation of "Faust" we saw was spoilt by unnatural English. We expect and get better things from Mr. Cookson. He is a little hampered here and there, as every English translator must be, by the paucity of English rhymes ; but his rendering is bold, vigorous, and truly poetical, and when he has to fill out he does it with excellent taste. Here is the beginning of a speech of Faust, irritated by Mephistopheles :

> If in that ghastly tumult a sweet sound,
> Dear to me once, could steal my thoughts away,
> And, some faint answering echoes in me found,
> Could on the muted stops of childhood play;
> My curse on every lure and cheating spell
> That cabins up the soul in this close cage,
> Dungeoned in sorrow's unremitted hell
> By glittering fraud and blinding cozenage.

The versions of famous lyrics, attempted by many hands, are as good as any we have seen, and the humorous passages, with some allowance in paraphrase, are rendered with spirit.

Professor Robertson, in his introduction, makes a learned survey of the changing purposes and modifications which after many years emerged in the completed First Part. The final result is complex and not, perhaps, wholly consistent, and Goethe was capable of retaining some topical stuff which now seems very ineffective. His sense of humour jars an English reader now and again, but he rises to the height of his great argument, and the simple pathos of the scene in the prison, a return to the vigour of the *Urfaust*, is prose instinct with the highest poetry.

BOOKS

GENERAL

LETTERS OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH. Edited by LADY RALEIGH, with a Preface by D. NICHOL SMITH. 2 vols. New edition. Methuen. 18s.

WE are very glad to see a revised edition of these Letters, which we noticed at length on their appearance. Ten new letters are added, and every page bears Raleigh's sign-mark—of ease, humour, and other characteristics which are rare in academic circles. There is enough here to shock a dozen Academies out of existence, and the candid judgments which abound, even when one does not agree with them, are delightful. The wilful exaggerations should not hurt anybody. The whole book—apart from its wit and wisdom—is like a breath of fresh air which blows away the close and crowded vapours of the study. Raleigh pours out the free, unrestrained thought of a rich vitality, denounces the "mew-cat artificial voices," protests against men who are "exact, restricted, and incurious," and gets past literature into the real stuff of life. He chaffs in rhyme, as Stevenson did:

> I blinked on my perch, like a vulture,
> When they crept up the hill unawares,
> To talk of the progress of culture
> And deposit their bodies in chairs,

and the next minute he gives us in his amusing way a piece of real insight into character:

> Lucie says that when you travel from Scotland everyone explains things till you get south of Birmingham, and then it all stops and you rest. I suppose the English are the only race who don't explain.

The Scots are a race specially addicted to preaching and moralizing. Luckily Raleigh's covenanting ancestry did not lead him that way. He was a happy and hardy adventurer, like the Hakluyt on whom he wrote with such gusto.

DIVORCE AND THE ROMAN DOGMA OF NULLITY. By R. H. CHARLES, D.D. Edinburgh. T. and T. Clark. 1s. 6d.

DR. CHARLES preached last year in the Abbey a remarkable series of sermons on divorce, which attracted a good deal of attention. These are now published in this lucid and learned little book, which carries to a farther stage the research the author embodied in a larger volume of 1921. He goes back to "Q"—the original source of the Gospels—and shows that passages in St. Matthew and St. Luke are independently derived from that source, while there are good grounds for regarding the narrative in St. Mark as unhistorical. It is illogical in view of law and history, and the cases of Salome and Herodias lend no support to it.

The result is that the only foundation in the Gospels for the indissolubility of marriage disappears, and with it the strange Roman dogma of Nullity. The late Lord Acton, a very learned

and independent scholar, observed that these Roman marriage dispensations "became by careful management productive sources of revenue," and the reader should see what Dr. Charles has to say about them.

He does not dismiss the passage in St. Mark without justifying his position on textual and historical grounds. That evangelist had no first-hand knowledge of the life and teaching of Christ; he relied on St. Peter; and it is suggested that his distorted text was due to the influence in Rome of the *Lex Julia*. The Eastern Church never accepted St. Mark's authority on the question; the Western did till the Reformation, when scholars outside the Roman Church and even Erasmus felt that St. Matthew was more trustworthy. They had not the results of Biblical criticism which Dr. Charles lays before us, and which would have supported their feeling. The conclusion is that Christ condemned divorce on inadequate grounds, but raised no objection to the divorce of an adulterous wife. St. Paul went farther, regarding such divorce as obligatory.

THE LETTERS OF JUNIUS. Edited with an Introduction by C. W. EVERETT. Faber and Gwyer. 21s.

MR. EVERETT prints the letters in Woodfall's edition without the doubtful additions made to them in 1812. His candidate for the authorship is Lord Shelburne, a man of proved ability and patriotic views whose reputation has risen since he was praised by the author of "Sybil." Disraeli also said that it was a bore to search further for Junius, and so far nothing approaching proof has been urged, or is likely to be, unless some new documentary evidence is discovered. There has been, however, little work on the problem of late, and the claims of Francis, which Macaulay thought settled, were seriously reduced by the "Papers of a Critic." Mr. Everett knows that cogent collection of argument, but he ascribes it to "Sir Charles Dilke." The well-known statesman was only the editor of the volume, and his grandfather, the author of it, was plain Charles. From handwriting little can be gathered, as Junius wrote a neat, small hand of a common eighteenth-century type. We note that Fraser Rae published some careful work on this point in the *Athenæum*.

Lord Shelburne's views fit in well with those of Junius. He denied the authorship in 1805, but declared that he knew Junius and would put the question at rest in a pamphlet. He was dead, however, within a fortnight. May not his statement be accurate, Junius being some person of Shelburne's views, his secretary or another of no great name in the world? Dilke points to the conclusion that Junius was not familiar with the actual debates of Parliament, as Shelburne presumably was. The general line of Mr. Everett's research seems more hopeful than the pursuit of other claimants.

Edited by
BRIG.-GEN. P. R. C. GROVES,
C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., R.A.F.
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THE EMPIRE AND THE AIR.

The following extracts are taken from the very important leader published in "The Times," on the 30th December, 1927:

> In its air, as in its sea communications, for both civil and military objects, the whole Empire stands or falls together. No other State in the world is so dependent on the command of a connected system of air routes linking its scattered possessions over the greater part of the surface of the globe. Yet at present barely the skeleton of the necessary trunk routes is in existence. . . . The British Empire, which has most to gain by world air services, is actually operating to-day a lower mileage than any nation with comparable interests. Germany, France, and Belgium are all ahead of us. . . .
>
> As matters stand, Great Britain has little or no interest in the possible utility of civil aircraft for bombing enemy bases, since her total air transport fleet numbers only twenty machines, not all of which would have any military value in a European war. On the other hand there is no question that the possession of a reserve of pilots, a nucleus of skilled mechanics, a strong workshop and maintenance organisation, and a series of fully developed air routes —all of which could be secured by a wide extension of civil aviation—would in case of war be an inestimable addition to the strength and resources of the Royal Air Force for purposes of defence. For these various reasons the active encouragement of civil aviation in all its branches is a matter of increasingly vital importance to the security and prosperity of the nation and the Empire.

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
MAY, 1928

Correspondence

The Future of East Africa

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Frank Melland, in his article under the above heading in the March ENGLISH REVIEW, charges me with "adding complexity to a complex problem," accuses me of making statements which, in his opinion, are not strictly accurate, and evidently considers that I am a rabid opponent of East African federation.

Without underrating my own ingenuity I very much doubt whether I could possibly add anything to the inherent complexity of the East and Central African problem. Nor do I find in his article any proof of misstatement on my part. As for my attitude to federation I regard it as something which is inevitable and desirable but, in common with Lord Delamere and his associates in Kenya at the northern end and the Southern Rhodesian Cabinet at the other, I am convinced that closer union should first proceed as a dual grouping—Kenya, Uganda, Tanganyika, and Zanzibar forming an East African federation, while Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland combine with Southern Rhodesia to form a Greater Rhodesia. At a considerably later period, when communications have been improved, coalescence of the two groups may follow and later still a larger federation extending from Cape Town to the Nile is not unthinkable.

My remarks about the future status of the native territories referred to a more distant epoch than Mr. Melland apparently has in mind. Does he really believe that the present position south of the Limpopo is permanent? The Union is already anxious to acquire control of Swaziland. She does not yet feel strong enough to raise the issue in the cases of Basutoland or Bechuanaland, but a time will certainly come when a system which involves the direct government by Great Britain of territories embedded in a self-governing Dominion will no longer be acceptable. If a continuous self-governing federation, stretching from the Cape to Kenya, comes into being, the objection to Imperial control of embedded or adjacent native territories will extend to the entire area within the sphere of this federation. It is

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LITERARY ACROSTIC. No. 57.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street, LONDON, W.1.

looking a long way ahead certainly, but it is a contingency which will have to be faced sooner or later. That it will be necessary to maintain these native territories as such I do not dispute, but the dangers at which I hinted will certainly be more serious if their administration is retained under Colonial Office control long after the remainder of South and East Africa have become autonomous. I think, if Mr. Melland again reads my article, he will realize that I was arguing in favour of the actual inclusion of the native kingdoms in any federal organism as against the policy adopted in the case of the native areas south of the Zambezi.

Mr. Melland asks whether I "seriously advocate our wilfully following in the footsteps of South African errors?" Of course not, but, like many others, I am far from convinced that the much-lauded "Dual Policy" does not in practice err equally seriously in the opposite direction. A sloppy pro-African sentimentality, mainly inspired by missionaries and divorced from realities, will injure the natives themselves and work grave injustice to the white settlers. Do not let us forget what the lot of the natives was before the era of white penetration. Subject to constant tribal warfare, slave raiding and unchecked disease, their condition was miserable. In return for the benefits they have derived from the presence of the European the latter is entitled to expect some contribution in the form of labour. Yet in too many places the "Dual Policy" stands for official encouragement of the growth by native cultivators on their own account of crops which are not suited to them, thus producing a scarcity of labour for the European plantations, and greatly increasing the risks from plant diseases and insect pests.

As regards the attitude of Southern Rhodesia to federation, I think that Mr. Melland is mistaken when he states that the Colony realizes that she could not prevent the inclusion of Northern Rhodesia. The recent conference between Southern Rhodesian Ministers and unofficial members of the Northern Rhodesian Legislative Council, at which the bases of amalgamation were discussed, shows plainly that Southern Rhodesia is willing to make big concessions to bring about such an amalgamation and, outside Livingstone, the idea is undoubtedly gathering strength in Northern Rhodesia, even in the Fort Jameson district.

Mr. Melland makes one remarkable assertion: "There is no obstacle to the inclusion of self-governing states, colonies, protectorates and native kingdoms in a federation . . ." Perhaps he will be good enough to name a single instance of such a thing ever having been done.

As to the desirability of safeguarding the future of Tanganyika as part of the British Empire I am completely in accord with Mr. Melland, and this reason alone would suffice to justify the closer union of the northern territories of East Africa—Kenya, Uganda, Tanganyika, and Zanzibar—at the earliest possible date. Until some

grouping of this kind has been effected, coupled with the linking of the Tanganyika Central Railway with the Kenya-Uganda-Tanga system, we shall be exposed to constant intrigue by Germany with the object of obtaining the restoration of her East African colony.

Yours, etc.,

G. H. LEPPER.

The Franchise Bill

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—The enclosed cutting from the *Morning Post* of April 14 may perhaps be of interest to your readers. In the current issue of THE ENGLISH REVIEW, "Backbencher," in stating the case against the Franchise Bill, draws attention to precisely those dangers which Amiel foresaw as long ago as 1871.

"Henri Amiel, that gentle solitary in whose thoughts so much wisdom is to be found," writes "J. H. B.," "wrote in his Journal, in 1871: 'I do not deny the rights of democracy, but have no illusions as to the use it will make of them so long as wisdom is the exception in its ranks. Democracy rests on the fiction that the majority has not only force but reason on its side, and possesses the wisdom necessary for action. The democratic instinct makes men believe that pretensions have only got to be the same to make merits equal. The masses will always be below the average. Besides, the age of majority will be lowered, *the barriers of sex will be swept away*, and democracy will finally make itself absurd by handing over the decision of all that is greatest to all that is most incapable.'"

Yours, etc.,

H. WYNNE FINCH.

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